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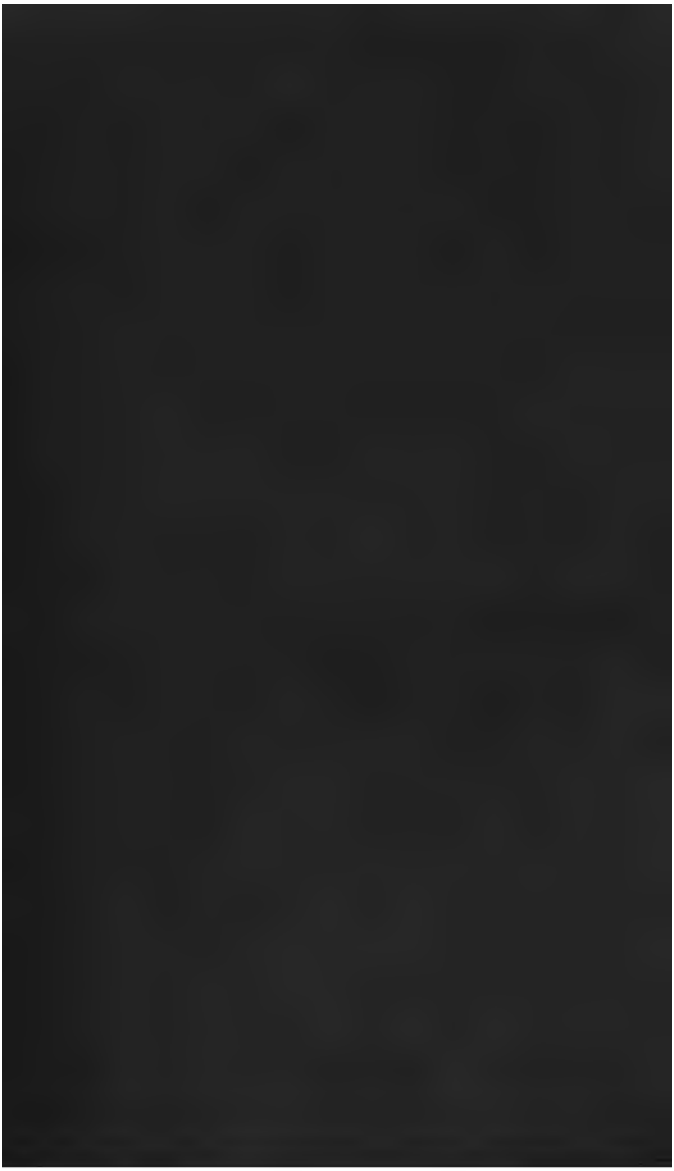

Lyra
Domestica

LONDON
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Ph. Spitta

Lyra Domestica:

CHRISTIAN SONGS FOR DOMESTIC EDIFICATION.

Translated from the

"Psaltery and Harp" of C. J. P. Spitta

By Richard Massie.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

1860.

147. d. 84.

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

TO

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THESE HYMNS ARE INSCRIBED

WITH THE DEEPEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND VENERATION,

AND WITH A GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

HIS GRACE'S CONNECTION WITH THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER,

BY HIS GRACE'S FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

I REMEMBER to have been much ſtruck, ſome years ago, with a remark of James Montgomery, in the preface to the *Chriſtian Pſalmiſt:* "If he who pens theſe ſentiments," ſays that truly Chriſtian poet, "knows his own heart, though it has deceived him too often to be truſted without jealouſy, he would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns, which ſhould thus become an imperiſhable inheritance to the people of God, than bequeath another epic poem to the world, which ſhould rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and our greater Milton."

It might ſeem preſumptuous in a mere tranſlator to appropriate to himſelf the ſentiments of this original and highly gifted author, to whom we are indebted for ſome of the moſt

beautiful hymns in the Engliſh language, but I can nevertheleſs ſay with truth, that by a ſomewhat ſimilar feeling I was firſt induced to undertake the tranſlation which I now offer to the Public. No doubt brighter gems might have been found amid the almoſt exhauſtleſs mines of German hymnology; no doubt hymns of greater power and beauty might have been ſelected from the writings of ſome of the earlier German hymnologiſts, and eſpecially from thoſe of that ſweet ſinger of Lutheran Germany, Paul Gerhardt; but yet I think it may be doubted, whether any of them would have been ſo ſuited to the modern tone of thought as thoſe of Spitta, and ſo well calculated to promote the object for which they were avowedly written—the edification of the domeſtic circle. Indeed Miſs Winkworth has already culled the choiceſt flowers from the earlier writers, and tranſplanted them with ſo much ſkill and ſucceſs into our Engliſh ſoil, that it would be but a diſcouraging taſk to follow in her track.

Small as is this collection, it embraces a great variety of ſubjects, and a curſory glance at the Index will at once ſhow how many important phaſes of Chriſtian experience are delineated. To quote the words of a friendly critic: "There is hardly a branch of Chriſtian

doctrine and morality which they do not touch upon, and on every point they come direct to the reaſon, feelings, and imagination."

The verſification is remarkably ſmooth and rhythmical, and the meaning clear and perſpicuous. But what particularly diſtinguiſhes theſe hymns is the genuine piety and truly Chriſtian and Catholic feeling which pervades them. Love of Chriſt and His word is the golden thread which runs through the whole. Is it too much to hope, that, by the Divine bleſſing, ſome ſpark at leaſt of the heavenly feeling which animated the author may be imparted, through the means of this tranſlation, to the heart of the Engliſh reader? My labour will not then have been in vain,—if that indeed can be called a labour, which has been the delightful recreation and ſweeteſt ſolace of my leiſure hours.

Addiſon remarks, in one of the papers of the *Spectator*, that "a reader ſeldom peruſes a book with pleaſure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric diſpoſition, married, or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right underſtanding of an author." There is much truth in this remark, and I ſhould have been glad if it had been in my power to gratify this natural curio-

ſity by communicating any intereſting anecdotes or information reſpecting the author. All, however, I have yet been able to learn, has been derived from a notice in the *Converſations-Lexicon*, and conſiſts chiefly of a meagre ſketch of the leading incidents in Spitta's life, which will, I fear, prove ſcarcely more intereſting to the Engliſh reader than the fireſide adventures of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or his migrations from the blue room to the brown. There is, however, a portrait at the beginning of the book, engraved from a photograph, which will convey to the reader ſome idea of the author's external lineaments, while thoſe of his heart and mind are with equal fidelity impreſſed on the hymns themſelves.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta was born at Hanover, on the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1801. After having ſtudied theology at the Univerſity of Göttingen from 1821 to 1824, and ſubſequently been tutor in a private family for ſome years, he commenced his miniſterial labours in the Lutheran Church in the year 1828, as aſſiſtant to the paſtor of Südwald, in the Grafſchaft of Hoya. In 1830 he was appointed chaplain to the garriſon and reformatory of Hameln, and I infer from the date, that it was while occupying this poſt that he publiſhed the collection of hymns under the title of *Pſalter und*

Harfe, Leipzic, 1833, which has obtained for him a reputation and popularity in Germany only ſecond to that of Paul Gerhardt.

In 1837 he was appointed Paſtor at Weſhold, in Hoya. In 1847 he was preferred to the high eccleſiaſtical office of Superintendent, at Wittengen, in the principality of Lüneburg; and in 1853 to that of Superintendent and chief Paſtor at Peine, in the principality of Hilderſheim. In all theſe poſitions he is ſaid to have performed the duties of his ſacred office with much zeal, induſtry, and ſucceſs.

To this mere outline of facts and dates, I regret to add that of his death, which occurred about the beginning of October, 1859, he being at the time Paſtor Primarius and Superintendent, at Burgdorf, in the kingdom of Hanover.

Moſt of the hymns have been ſet to muſic, and a few adapted to congregational ſinging. I am told that the author frequently ſang them himſelf with his daughters, and ſo ſweet was the harmony of the ſongs, accompanied by their united voices, that crowds uſed to aſſemble under their windows to liſten to them.

It may be neceſſary to appriſe the reader, who wiſhes to compare the tranſlation with the original, that I have ventured to alter the author's arrangement of the hymns, partly be-

cauſe the nature of the ſubjects ſeemed to ſuggeſt it, but chiefly to procure greater variety in the metre. The repetition of the ſame form of trochaic meaſure, occurring as it does in one hymn after another, at the beginning of the book, would have been weariſome to the Engliſh ear, particularly as the metre itſelf is leſs in uniſon with the ſtructure and genius of our language than of the German. To obviate any inconvenience which might ariſe from this change of arrangement, the pages of the Engliſh and correſponding German hymn are given in the Index.

I may conclude theſe remarks with the words of Luther, in his preface to the fine old hymns which he has bequeathed as an invaluable birthright to the German nation:

"Therefore, that ſuch beautiful ornament of muſic, properly uſed, may tend to the glory of our bleſſed Creator, and the edifying of Chriſtians, that He be praiſed and honoured, and that we, having His holy word impreſſed on the heart by ſweet ſongs, be ſtrengthened in the faith, may God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt mercifully grant. Amen." *

R. M.

Pulford, April 1, 1860.

* *Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs*, tranſlated by R. Maſſie: Hatchard and Son, London; H. Roberts, Cheſter.

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* *Pſalter und Harfe.* Eine Sammlung Chriſtlicher Lieder, zur häuſlichen Erbauung, von Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 22ſte Auflage. Leipzig, 1854.

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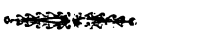
LYRA DOMESTICA.



Lyra Domestica.

UP! PSALTERY AND HARP.

LONELY was the way and dreary
Once to Canaan's fair abode;
Few there were, who, faint and weary,
Trod the unfrequented road:
For by thouſands mocked and chidden,
They purſued the dangerous way,
Which appeared as though forbidden
And beneath a curſe it lay.

True it is, that Sion's daughters
Never their ſweet home forgat;
By Euphrates' ſilent waters
Weeping and depreſt they ſat:
On the willow-trees beſide them
Hung their harps; for none would ſing,
In a land where foes deride them,
Songs of praiſe to Sion's King.

As they ſpake to one another
Of the Lord's beloved abode,
Sighs burſt forth they could not ſmother,
Tears of bitter anguiſh flowed:
For the Heathen hordes had waſted
God's own houſe with open ſhame,
Till the Lord from Heaven haſted
To the help of His great name.

From the neighbouring hills deſcending,
Heralds peaceful tidings bear;
Songs of home and joy are rending
With ſweet ſounds the ſtartled air.
On they preſs o'er hill and valley,
E'en the deſert teems with life,
And ſhould any ſeem to dally,
They are urged with friendly ſtrife.

Yes! the Lord Himſelf hath ſpoken;
Strike your tents, be glad of heart;
He whoſe word can not be broken,
Saith, "from Babylon depart."
God hath heard your ſighs, and ended
Many a year of grief and wrong;
Take your harps ſo long ſuſpended,
Join ye all in grateful ſong.

God, renowned in Iſrael's ſtory,
My Redeemer, God, and King,
I will magnify Thy glory
With ſweet pſalms and tuneful ſtring.

Grateful tribute ever bringing,
I will praiſe Thee night and day,
Songs of joy and triumph ſinging,
As I climb the narrow way.

MORNING.

THE purple morning gilds the Eaſtern ſkies,
And what the night had hidden from our eyes
Now ſtands revealed to our admiring gaze;
Mountain and valley, wood and fruitful plain,
Which in their miſty bed aſleep had lain,
Shine forth and glitter in the ſun's bright rays.

Shine in my ſoul, and light and joy impart,
O bleſſed Jeſus, Sun of my dark heart,
O cauſe therein the light of truth to ſhine;
Show me each crooked winding of my heart,
Change and renew it ſo in every part,
That my whole nature be transformed to Thine.

Lord, in Thy light O let me walk this day,
By Thy love prompted, act, and ſpeak, and pray,
As a new creature it becomes to do,
Whoſe aim it is, in all his words and ways,
To ſet forth duly his Creator's praiſe,
And new in heart, in life be alſo new.

I pray not, "take my troubles all away;"
It is for love to bear them that I pray,

And firm belief that all is for my good;
That every trouble muſt be kindly meant,
Since from the hands of Him it has been ſent,
Who is my loving Father and my God.

I pray not that my days may ſmoothly run;
Ah no! I pray, Thy will alone be done!
Yet give a childlike truſting heart to me;
Should the earth ſeek to draw my ſpirit down,
O let my heart continue ſtill Thine own,
And draw me upward from the earth to Thee.

I pray not, Lord, that Thou wilt quickly end
The griefs and troubles Thou art pleaſed to ſend;
Be Thou my peace in every trying hour.
I aſk not Heaven at once to enter in,
But ere I die, that I may die to ſin,
Be Thou its death: deſtroy its guilt and power.

Thou Sun, by whom my new life firſt was lighted,
O let me not again become benighted,
But be my light when ſhades around me ſpread;
With the bright ſplendour of Thy heavenly rays
Illuminate the evening of my days,
And ſhed a halo round my dying head.

EVENING.

LORD, who by Thy preſence haſt made light
The heat and burden of the toilſom day,
Be with me alſo in the ſilent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.
As Thou haſt given me ſtrength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my gueſt,
As Thou haſt ſhared the labours of the day,
So alſo deign to ſhare and bleſs my reſt.

No ſtep diſturbs me, not a ſound is heard,
I commune in my chamber and am ſtill,
And muſe with deep attention on Thy word,
The faithful record of Thy mind and will.
O ſpeak a word of bleſſing, gracious Lord,
Thy bleſſing is endued with ſoothing power;
On the poor heart worn out with toil Thy word
Falls ſoft and gentle as the evening ſhower.

How ſad and cold, if Thou be abſent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But if Thy preſence grace my humble board,
I ſeem with heavenly manna to be fed;

Fraught with rich bleſſing, breathing ſweet repoſe,
The calm of evening ſettles on my breaſt;
If Thou be with me when my labours cloſe,
No more is needed to complete my reſt.

Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my gueſt
After the day's confuſion, toil, and din,
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and reſt,
To give ſalvation and to pardon ſin.
Bind up the wounds, aſſuage the aching ſmart
Left in my boſom from the day juſt paſt,
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs and find ſweet reſt at laſt.

EVENING DEVOTION.

HOW ſmiling the day departed,
How ſweetly evening ſteals on!
How jocund and how merry-hearted
The birds ſing their evening ſong!

The flowers have no power of ſaying
Their prayers with audible ſound,
And yet are they ſilently praying,
As they bend their heads to the ground.

Wherever I look is devotion,
God's praiſe is the general theme,
From the diſtant boom of the ocean
To the voice of the murmuring ſtream.

And all around us is praying
For reſt from the toils of the day,
And ſeems as though it were ſaying,
Poor mortal, do thou alſo pray!

JOY IN CREATION.

THOU beautiful Creation,
Which the Lord's creative hand
For our joy and admiration
Hath so wonderfully planned!
O how varied are thy features,
O what love is there displayed,
To delight and bless the creatures,
Which His power and wisdom made!

In the high and heavenly places,
In the lowest e'er explored,
We discern the plainest traces
Of the goodness of the Lord!
Earth and air, and boundless ocean,
All are mirrors, where we see,
Now in stillness, now in motion,
Love in its immensity.

At a distance, and in nearness,
In the star, and in the flower,
Are inscribed with truth and clearness
God's great wisdom, love, and power.
Every where we see the traces,
Which a child may understand,
Of a God, whose love embraces
All the works of His own hand.

Oh! how ſweet it is from Nature
To look up to Nature's God!
To a merciful Creator,
Who in all things ſeeks our good;
Who deſerves the conſecration
Of all powers which we poſſeſs,
Worſhip, praiſe and adoration,
More than tongue can e'er expreſs.

Yes! I know thee, revelation
Of my Lord in Nature traced,
Since not only in Creation
I have learnt to ſee and taſte
Thy great love, and mark its traces,
But in Jeſus Chriſt have found
Love, which every love ſurpaſſes,
Grace, no mortal man can ſound.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

EJOICE in the beautiful earth,
For well ſhe deſerveth our praiſe,
What tongue can declare all the worth,
Which God to adorn her diſplays!

And yet tho' ſo richly endowed,
She is only the work of His hands,
A creature, which well may be proud
To do whatſoe'er He commands.

Rejoice in the moon and the ſun,
And the ſtars brightly ſhining by night,
As the courſe, God appoints them, they run,
And lend us their luſtre and light.

And yet, while they ſhine on our globe,
They are only the work of His hands,
The ſpangles adorning His robe,
The creatures that wait His command.

If then but His handiwork here
Such bleſſings already impart,
O what muſt our rapture be there,
To repoſe on His [illegible]ly heart!

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD!

WEET lily of the field, declare
Whoſe hand it was that made,
And in ſuch beauty placed thee there,
Before mine eyes diſplayed?

How white the robe which thou haſt on,
With golden duſt o'erlaid!
In all his glory, Solomon
Like thee was not arrayed.

God raiſed thee from the earth, ſweet flower,
And tends thee with delight,
And ſends thee, in the ſtill calm hour,
An angel in the night.

Thy robes he waſhes in the dew,
And dries them in the air,
And bleaches them in ſunſhine too,
To make them bright and fair.

Sweet lily of the field, although
Thou haſt no voice nor ſpeech,
Thou doſt a bright example ſhow,
A uſeful leſſon teach.

Sweet lily of the field, by thee
This leſſon I am taught:
"God cares for little flowers like me,
Take then no anxious thought."

WINTER.

T is winter. All ſeems dead or dyin
Solitude throughout all nature reign
She herſelf, like ſome fair corpſe, is lyi
In the ſheet, which ſhrouds her wi
domains.
Her dear children ſleep beneath their awning,
Sheltered ſafely in their mother's breaſt,
Dreaming of the reſurrection morning,
When the ſpring ſhall wake them from their re

Thou O earth, art ſtript of all thy beauty,
All thy boaſted glory now has fled,
Thou thyſelf doſt preach to us our duty
In a ſolemn ſermon o'er the dead.
Earth can yield us no enduring pleaſure,
We muſt part from that which moſt we love;
Would'ſt thou ſeek an everlaſting treaſure,
Raiſe thy thoughts to heaven and things above.

Let the earth herſelf to heaven direct thee,
Seek not here thy home, but journey on
To the manſions, where the friends expect thee,
Who before thee are already gone.
Vainly ſeek'ſt thou here what thou deſireſt,
Therefore ſpeed thee on thy heavenward way;
Every thing which thou from earth requireſt,
Is enough to hide thy mouldering clay.

But when Eaſter ſongs again awaken
Thoſe, who ſtill are ſleeping in the duſt,
Earth ſhall bring the treaſures ſhe has taken,
And diſcharge her ſolemn ſacred truſt.
Think not here to find enduring pleaſure,
Earth poſſeſſes nothing of her own;
Let her lead thee to the one true treaſure,
Joy in heaven at God's eternal throne.

THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST.

HRIST, whoſe firſt appearance lighted
Gloomy death's obſcure domain,
Long in Herod's courts benighted
Sought I Thee, but ſought in vain:
All was glitter, pomp, and pleaſure,
Senſuality, and pride;
But my heart found not its treaſure,
And remained unſatisfied.

Then to learned ſcribes and ſages
Seeking Chriſt I wandered on,
But upon their barren pages
Jacob's ſtar had never ſhone:
True indeed, like men in priſon
Groping for the light of day,
Spake they of the light new-riſen,
But themſelves ſaw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided
By the altar-fire and lights,
But though all elſe was provided,
Chriſt was abſent from the rites.
Then more precious time I waſted
In thy ſtreets, Jeruſalem,
But I ſought in vain, and haſted
On my way to Bethlehem.

In the ſtreets I wandered ſlowly,
Looking for ſome truſty guide;
All was dark and melancholy,
None I met with far and wide.
On a ſudden I perceivèd
O'er my head a ſtar to ſhine;.
Lo! becauſe I had believèd,
And had ſought Him, Chriſt was mine.

Only ſeek, and you will find Him,
Never ceaſe to ſeek the Lord;
And ſhould He delay, remind Him
Boldly of His plighted word.
Follow Him, and He will lead you;
Truſt Him in the darkeſt night;
Jacob's ſtar will ſtill precede you,
Jacob's ſtar will give you light.

PATIENCE.

GENTLE angel wendeth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God in mercy ſendeth
To comfort us below.
Her looks a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim;
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us through this tearful
And ſorrow-ſtricken land,
And ſpeaks, reſigned and cheerful,
Of better days at hand:
And when thou art deſpairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herſelf thy burden ſharing,
More hopeful far than thou.

She ſobers into ſadneſs
Thy grief's excessive ſmart,
And ſteeps in peace the madneſs
And tumult of the heart.
The darkeſt hour ſhe maketh
As bright as ſun at noon,
And heals each wound that acheth,
Full ſurely, if not ſoon.

Thy falling tears ſhe chides not,
But pours in healing balm;
Thy longing ſhe derides not,
But makes devout and calm:
And when in ſtormy ſeasons
Thou aſkeſt, murmuring, why?
She giveth thee no reasons,
But ſmiling points on high.

To every doubt and queſtion
She cares not to reply;
"Bear on," is her ſuggeſtion,
"Thy reſting-place is nigh."
Thus by thy ſide ſhe walketh,
A true and conſtant friend,
Not overmuch ſhe talketh,
But thinks "O happy end!"

WEEP NOT FOR ME, BUT WEEP FOR YOURSELVES.

HEREFORE weep we over Jeſus,
O'er His death and bitter ſmart?
Weep we rather, that He ſees us
Unconvinced and hard of heart:
For His soul was never tainted
With the ſmalleſt ſpot or ſtain,
T'was for us He was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

Oh! what profits it with groaning
Underneath His croſs to ſtand;
Ah! what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand;
Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of inquiring,
Wherefore and for whom He died?

If no ſin could be diſcovered
In the pure and ſpotleſs Lord,
If the cruel death He ſuffered
Is ſin's juſt and meet reward:
Then it muſt have been for others
That the Lord on Calvary bled,
And the guilt have been a brother's,
Which was laid upon His head.

And for whom hath He contended
In a ſtrife ſo ſtrange and new?
And for whom to hell deſcended?
Brothers! 'twas for me and you!
Now you ſee that He was reaping
Puniſhment for us alone;
And we have great cauſe for weeping,
Not for His guilt, but our own.

If we then make full confeſsion,
Joined with penitence and prayer,
If we see our own tranſgreſsion
In the puniſhment He bare,
If we mourn with true repentance,
We ſhall hear the Saviour say:
"Fear not, I have borne your ſentence,
Wipe your bitter tears away."

EASTER DAY.

UN, ſhine forth in all thy ſplendour,
Joyfully purſue thy way,
For thy Lord and my Defender
Roſe triumphant on this day.
When He bowed His head, ſore troubled
Thou didſt hide thyſelf in night;
Shine forth now with rays redoubled,
He is riſen who is thy light.

Earth, be joyous and glad-hearted,
Spread out all thy vernal bloom;
For thy Lord is not departed,
He has broken through the tomb.
When the Lord expired, wide-yawning
Thy ſtrong rocks were rent with fright;
Greet thy riſen Lord this morning,
Bathed in floods of roſy light.

Say, my ſoul, what preparation
Makeſt thou for this high day,
When the God of thy ſalvation
Opened through the tomb a way?
Dwellest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love?
Doth thy Saviour's reſurrection
Raiſe thy thoughts to things above?

Haſt thou, borne on Faith's ſtrong pinion,
Riſen with the riſen Lord?
And, releaſed from ſin's dominion,
Into purer regions ſoared?
Or art thou, in ſpite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and ſin?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Eaſter uſhered in?

O then let not death o'ertake thee
By the ſhades of night o'erſpread;
See! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
He is riſen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear; the gracious Saviour cries,
"Sleeper, from thy ſloth arouſe thee,
To new life at once ariſe."

See, with looks of tender pity
He extends his wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off ſin's enthralling bands:
"Wait not for ſome future meetneſs,
Dread no puniſhment from me,
Rouſe thyself and taste the ſweetneſs
Of the new life offered thee."

Let no precious time be waſted,
To new life ariſe at length,
He who death for thee hath tasted,
For new life will give new strength.

Try to riſe, at once beſtir thee,
Still preſs on and perſevere,
Let no wearineſs deter thee,
He who woke thee ſtill is near.

Waſte not ſo much time in weighing
When and where thou ſhalt begin;
Too much thinking is delaying,
Rivets but the chains of ſin.
He will help thee, and provide thee
With a courage not thine own,
Bear thee in His arms and guide thee,
Till thou learn'ſt to walk alone.

See! thy Lord Himſelf is riſen,
That thou mighteſt alſo riſe,
And emerge from ſin's dark prison
To new life and open ſkies.
Come to Him who can unbind thee,
And reverſe thy awful doom,
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life—an empty tomb!

WHITSUNDAY.

RAW, Holy Spirit, nearer,
And in our hearts abide;
O make our judgment clearer,
Our minds inform and guide.
O come, Thou great Renewer,
Touch heart and lip with fire;
Make every boſom truer,
Our aims and objects higher.

O come, Thou true Conſoler,
Thou Fire, that warms the cold,
The haughty breaſt's Controler,
O come and make us bold.
On all ſides danger threatens;
Lord, to our ſuccour come,
And arm us with the weapons
Of early Chriſtendom.

Hard unbelief and folly
The truth of God deny;
O arm us, Lord moſt holy,
With weapons from on high,
With faith that never falters,
Unmoved by fear or praiſe,
With love that never alters,
And hope in darkeſt days.

We need a free confeſsion
In this our lukewarm age,
A frank and full profeſsion
In spite of ſcorn and rage;
To friend alike and foeman,
On this or heathen ground,
To every man and woman
The Goſpel trump to ſound.

Where'er Thy Word is ſounded,
In far and ſavage lands,
The Heathen are confounded,
And caſt off Satan's bands.
On every ſide they waken
To hear Thy bleſsed Word:
Shall it from us be taken,
By us remain unheard?

On us, O Thou most holy,
Thy wrath doth justly fall,
Who hear, yet, through our folly,
Have not obeyed the call.
Let us with deep proſtration
Implore God's grace, that thus
The Word of His ſalvation
Be not withdrawn from us.

Give power to thoſe who witneſs
And preach Thy holy Word,
That all may taſte its ſweetneſs,
And rally round the Lord.

Be this our preparation,
A heart and tongue of fire!
That this our proclamation
May ſpeed as we deſire.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHERS.

PIRIT, by whoſe operation
Faith and holineſs proceed,
Source of heavenly converſation,
Strength in weakneſs, help in need!
Spirit, by whoſe inſpiration
Prophets and Apoſtles ſpake,
Martyrs bled, and tribulation
Saints endured for Jeſus' sake!

Lord, endue us with Thy bleſſing,
That, though babes we be in grace,
Faith, and love, and zeal poſſeſſing
For Thy houſe and holy place;
We may ſtake our deareſt treaſures,
All the good things of this life,
Honour, wealth, and darling pleaſures,
In the great and holy ſtrife.

Give us Abram's faith unſhaken,
That the promise muſt be true,
And what God hath undertaken,
He aſſuredly will do;
Which not only could unmovèd
Truſt the covenant of grace,
But the thing which he moſt lovèd
At the Lord's diſposal place.

Give us Joſeph's chaſte behaviour,
When the world with crafty wiles
Seeks to draw us from the Saviour
To herſelf, with frowns or ſmiles.
Give us grace and ſtrength for ſhunning
This enſnaring Potiphar,
Wiſdom to elude her cunning,
Strength her open hate to bear.

Give us Moſes' interceſſion,
When he pleaded, wept, and prayed,
That the people's ſore transgreſſion
Might not to their charge be laid.
Let us not with ſelfiſh coldneſs
See the ſinner go aſtray,
But with Moſes' holy boldneſs
Plead and wreſtle, weep and pray.

Give us David's bold defiance
Of the Lord's and Iſrael's foes,
And, in trouble, the reliance
Which on God his rock he shows;
His right princely diſpoſition,
Friendſhip, conſtancy, and truth,
But ſtill more his deep contrition
For the errors of his youth.

Arm us with the ſtern deciſion
Of Elijah, in theſe days,
When men, led by superſtition,
To falſe Gods new altars raiſe.

Let us ſhun the mere profeſſion
Common in our days and land,
Witneſſing a good confeſſion,
Even if alone we ſtand.

Give us the Apoſtles' daring,
And their bold undaunted mood,
Threats and fierce reproaches bearing,
To proclaim a Saviour's blood.
Let us to the truth bear witneſs,
Which alone can make us free,
Nor leave off, until its ſweetneſs
All ſhall taſte and know through Thee.

Give us Stephen's look collected,
And his calm and cheerful mind,
When we meet with unexpected
Trials of the ſharpeſt kind.
In the midſt of ſhouts and crying,
Let us with compoſure ſtand,
Open heaven to us in dying,
Show us Chriſt at God's right hand.

Spirit, by whoſe operation
Faith and love and might are given,
Source of holy converſation,
Bearing ſeed and fruit for heaven;
Spirit, by whose inſpiration
Prophets and Apoſtles ſpake,
Viſit us with Thy ſalvation,
Dwell with us for Jeſus' ſake.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

THERE is a ſong ſo thrilling,
So far all ſongs excelling,
That they who ſing it, ſing it oft again;
No mortal did invent it,
But God by Angels ſent it,
So deep and earneſt, yet ſo ſweet and plain.

The love, which it revealeth,
All earthly ſorrows healeth;
They flee like miſt before the break of day.
When, O my ſoul, thou learneſt
That ſong of ſongs in earneſt,
Thy cares and troubles all ſhall paſs away.

COMFORT IN JESUS' LOVE.

TILL on Thy loving heart let me repoſe,
Jeſus, ſweet Author of my joy and reſt;
O let me pour my ſorrows, cares, and woes,
Into Thy true and ſympathiſing breaſt.
Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame
Seems every day more ſtrong and bright to glow,
Thy truth remains eternally the ſame,
Pure and unſullied as the mountain ſnow.

O what is other love compared with Thine,
Of ſuch high value, ſuch eternal worth!
What is man's love compared with love divine,
Which never changes in this changing earth;
Love, which in this cold world grows never cold,
Love, which decays not with the world's decay,
Love, which is young when all things elſe grow old,
Which lives when heaven and earth ſhall paſs away?

How little love unchangeable and fixed
In this dark valley doth to man remain,
With what unworthy motive is it mixed,
How full of grief, uncertainty, and pain!

Love is the object, which attracts all eyes,
We win it, and already fear to part,
A thouſand rivals watch to ſeize the prize
And tear the precious idol from our heart.

But Thou, in ſpite of our offences paſt,
And thoſe, alas! which ſtill in us are found,
Haſt loved us, Jeſus, with a love ſo vaſt,
No ſpan can reach it, and no plummet ſound.
Though the poor love we give Thee in return
Should be extinguiſhed, Thine is ever true,
Its veſtal fire eternally doth burn,
Though everlaſting, always freſh and new.

Thou, who art ever ready to embrace
All thoſe, who truly after Thee enquire,
Thou, who haſt promiſed in Thy heart a place
To all who love Thee and a place deſire;
O Lord, when I am anxious and depreſt,
And dim with tears mine eyes can hardly ſee,
O let me lean upon Thy faithful breaſt,
Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee.

REST IN GOD.

IN vain thou ſeekeſt in thyſelf to find
Light, life, and joy, or any laſting peace;
Return to God, ſeek Him with all thy mind,
The one true ſource of life and happineſs.
Return to Him, poor erring child of man,
Where firſt thy being and thy life began,
Let all thy longings be to Him addreſt,
Then and then only ſhalt thou find true reſt.

But ah! thou can'ſt not go to Him, for ſee!
A mighty wall of ſeparation ſtands
Built up by ſin between thy God and thee:
Behold! thy Saviour ſtretches out His hands,
And opens to thee through His precious blood
A way of peace and acceſs to thy God:
He, who broke down that wall and ſets thee free,
Hath borne thy guilt and thy iniquity.

Lo! thy Creator gave thee life at firſt,
Thy Saviour doth a ſecond life beſtow;
He gives thee water to aſſuage thy thirſt,
A guide to lead thee through this vale of woe;

His Spirit giveth ſight unto the blind,
Peace to the heart and clearneſs to the mind,
New ſtrength and motives virtue to purſue,
The love of God, and heaven itſelf in view.

Behold thee now returned to thy true reſt!
Through the thin veil of time thy joyful eyes
Diſcern the happy manſions of the bleſt
And heaven's bright walls in dim perſpective riſe.
In fear no longer of a Father's rod,
Thou feel'ſt that thou art reconciled to God,
And though thy troubles do not wholly ceaſe,
Haſt a ſweet foretaſte of thy future bliſs.

Then ſeek not here in vain a reſting place,
Nor in thyſelf expect to find repoſe;
Such ſeeking only aggravates thy caſe,
And is embittered with a thouſand woes;
Such ſeeking wearies, but can not impart
The peace it longs for to the aching heart;
Sleep may weigh down the eyes by care oppreſt,
But heavy ſlumber is not peaceful reſt.

Cradle an infant on the ſofteſt bed,
Soothe it with ſongs of lullaby to reſt;
More gently will it lay its little head,
More ſweetly ſlumber on its mother's breaſt;
Where the firſt draught of health and life it found,
There will its ſleep be ſweet, its ſlumber ſound;
Return my ſoul to God, thine only reſt,
Then and then only art thou truly bleſt.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

AN hath his anxious ſeaſons,
Much pain not underſtood;
Nor can he tell his reaſons,
Till he diſcovers God:
When firſt he comprehendeth
How juſt He is and true,
His dream of goodneſs endeth,
His ſins come all to view.

With Thee, O Lord, acquainted,
He learns to look within,
And ſees his heart is tainted,
And full, alas! of ſin.
From Thy great power he learneth
How vile he is and baſe,
His nakedneſs diſcerneth
In Thy abounding grace.

O goodneſs paſt expreſſion!
Which brings not to our view
The height of our transgreſſion,
Until it ſhews us too
A mode of expiation
Through Chriſt's atoning blood,
A full and free ſalvation,
And bliſsful reſt with God!

What need we to content us,
Since God gives us ſo much?
What fears can now torment us?
Since His great love was ſuch,
That ere we comprehended
Our ſin, diſtreſs, and loſs,
The mighty work was ended
Which ſaved us on the croſs.

Should greater be my gladneſs
That Thou ſuch love doſt ſhew,
Or greater ſtill my sadneſs
That I have grieved Thee ſo?
Oh! both alike are needful,
To know how poor I be,
And yet not be unheedful
How rich I am in Thee.

O happy hour of sadneſs
And pain not underſtood!
Which endeth in ſuch gladneſs
And everlaſting good.
Mine eyes upraiſed to heaven
With tears of joy run o'er;
I know I am forgiven;
Ah! what can I want more?

THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.

ESUS, Friend of ſinners,
Move my ſoul, I pray Thee,
Both to chooſe Thee and obey Thee,
And in Thee diſcover
Daily ſome new treaſure,
Depths of love no line can meaſure;
O may I,
Drawn thereby,
Follow, where Thou goeſt,
Who the true way ſheweſt.

While my life remaineth,
Deepen my impreſſion
Of the guilt and great transgreſſion
Which Thou haſt forgiven;
That my heart's affection,
Sweetly drawn by this reflection,
May ariſe
To the ſkies,
With Thee ever living,
By faith, with thankſgiving.

Daily I diſcover
Some new ſin or other,
Which if Thou, Lord, didſt not cover,
I might juſtly tremble;

I am weak and ailing,
Daily ſtumbling, hourly failing:
But Thy blood,
Lamb of God!
Which from all ſin cleanſes,
Blots out my offences.

Ere the voice of Jeſus
Yet had found and called me,
Sin, alas! had ſo enthralled me,
And ſo firmly bound me,
That without reſiſtance,
Helpleſs, hopeleſs of aſſiſtance,
To her ſway
Night and day,
I alas! conſented,
Though by her tormented.

But ſince Thou, my Saviour,
Didſt bring help and freedom
From this ſpiritual Edom,
Tho' Sin hath no longer
In vile bondage held me,
Nor to do her will compelled me;
Yet doth ſhe
Conſtantly
Struggle to recall me,
And again enthrall me.

Ah! Thou com'ſt to help me
With Thy bleſſed promiſe,

That Sin ſhall not overcome us;
And ſhould'ſt Thou permit us
Now and then to ſtumble,
'Tis alone to keep us humble;
Soon would Sin
Victory win,
Didſt not Thou defend us,
And Thy ſuccour lend us.

Thou art ſtill our helper,
For us interceding,
With the Father warmly pleading,
That He would forgive us
All our great offences,
And bear with our negligences.
To us all,
When we fall,
Thy blood brings ſweet healing,
Our forgiveneſs ſealing.

Through the blood of Jeſus
We have now remiſſion
Of our ſins, and free admiſſion
Into the moſt Holy;
Nor will He forſake us
Though ſin ſhould ſometimes o'ertake us:
They are clean
From all ſin,
Who in Him are living,
Sprinkled, waſhed, forgiven.

Truth by man unfathomed!
Love that hath no ending,

Grace all human thought tranſcending!
Who can e'er forget it?
How He died to ſave us!
How He pitied and forgave us!
Who can them
Now condemn,
Whom He hath forgiven,
And made heirs of heaven?

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

HEAR my Shepherd calling,
And inſtantly obey,
And climb, though ſometimes falling,
The ſteep and rugged way.
Though often at a diſtance,
I ſtrive to follow ſtill,
And offer no reſiſtance
To His moſt bleſſed will.

Thou ſhew'ſt Thyſelf the greateſt,
When greateſt my diſtreſs,
Thy comforts are the ſweeteſt
In days of bitterneſs.
Sometimes my courage fails me,
My ſtrength ſeems well nigh gone,
But ſtill Thy grace avails me,
Thy ſtrength ſtill helps me on.

Sometimes I ſigh for morning
In ſorrow's gloomy night,
When lo! already dawning
The day brings joy and light.
Sometimes my griefs encloſe me
In every form and ſhape,
But God in mercy ſhews me
A method of eſcape.

Sometimes dark thoughts ſteal o'er me
Here in this vale of tears,
The future ſpread before me
So overcaſt appears;
The word of Thy ſalvation
Speaks comfort to my breaſt,
In midſt of tribulation
I find in Thee true reſt.

Old ſins oft leave behind them
Deep ſcars, which wound me ſtill;
Thou knoweſt how to bind them,
And heal them with great ſkill.
I often ſink down weary
And heart-ſick on the road,
But Thou art nigh to cheer me
And eaſe me of my load.

My gracious Guide and Maſter,
Thy wandering ſheep O ſeek,
Fain would I follow faſter,
But am, alas! too weak:
O come to help and guide me,
When I can not proceed,
If Thou art, Lord, beſide me,
I muſt perforce ſucceed.

Soon ſhall I ceaſe to wander;
The day may be at hand,
When Thou ſhalt take me yonder
To my dear Fatherland;

There ſhall my chief employment
Conſiſt in praiſing Thee,
With ever new enjoyment,
Throughout eternity.

THE HOUR OF THE LORD.

IS not yet the hour appointed!
I make anſwer to my heart,
When depreſt and diſappointed
It is longing to depart:
Wait awhile and hold thee ſtill,
He doth well who waits God's will.

When a thouſand griefs and troubles
Leave no reſt by day or night,
When the ſtorm its force redoubles,
And is almoſt at its height;
Patiently abide His will
At whoſe word the waves are ſtill.

Every veſſel muſt be drainèd,
Cups of joy and cups of grief,
Truſt in God with faith unfeignèd,
Look to Him for thy relief;
When all human counſel fails,
Then it is that God prevails.

When the flood is riſing higher,
Till it overflows the brink,
Then the Comforter draws nigher,
Ah! much nigher than we think,
For it grieves Him to the heart
To behold our bitter ſmart.

Ah! it is with no hard Maſter,
No hard Lord we have to do,
If we bear each new diſaſter
With calm faith and patience too,
We ſhall ſoon experience this:
It will come,—that hour of bliſs.

Doſt thou, heart, demand ſome token
That the Lord will give thee reſt?
Truſt the word which He hath ſpoken,
His own time muſt be the beſt;
Suffer, truſt, and hope on ſtill,
End right well it muſt and will.

O the hour of our exemption
From all pain, diſtreſs, and woe!
O the hour of our redemption
E'en from death our laſt grim foe!
Sweet as ſunſhine after ſhower
Will be that all-glorious hour.

I AM THINE.

HY will I cheerfully obey,
Both when Thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt away;
I follow, whereſoe'er Thou leadeſt,
I ſhun whatever Thou forbiddeſt;
Do as Thou wilt, O Lord, provided
I never be from Thee divided.

I am not bent on mine own will,
But rather wiſh, devout and ſtill,
To make Thy bleſſed will and pleaſure
The rule by which mine own I meaſure;
To Thee alone my ways commending
From the beginning to the ending.

I were indeed a very fool
To make mine own blind will my rule:
I have a thouſand times outwitted,
Deceived, betrayed myſelf, and cheated,
Nor have I ever found a bleſſing
In ways ſelf-choſen and ſelf-pleasing.

Through all my life how graciouſly
Haſt Thou, my Saviour, dealt with me!
How often kept my feet from falling,
And heard me e'en before my calling!
Nor ſhould I e'er have choſen Thee,
Hadſt Thou not, Lord, firſt choſen me.

SEE WHAT LOVE!

EE, O ſee, what love the Father
Hath beſtowed upon our race,
How He bends with ſweet compaſſion
Over us His beaming face!
See how He His beſt and deareſt
For the very worſt hath given,
His own Son for us poor ſinners,
See, O ſee, the love of heaven!

See, O ſee, what love the Saviour
Alſo hath on us beſtowed,
How He bled for us and ſuffered,
How He bare the heavy load!
On the croſs and in the garden
Oh how ſore was His diſtreſs!
Is not this a love that paſſeth
Aught that tongue can e'er expreſs?

See, O ſee, what love is ſhewn us
Alſo by the Holy Ghoſt!
How He ſtrives with us poor ſinners
Even when we ſin the moſt,
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where He ſees it needful is!
O what heart would not be thankful
For a three-fold love like this?

MY SOUL IS STILL IN GOD.

MY ſoul in God abideth ſtill
And ceaſeth her complaining;
Let Him do with me what He will,
While life is yet remaining:
He is my Lord, His ſervant I,
Do what He will, I aſk not why;
His ways are truth and mercy.

And yet 'tis hard to be quite ſtill
And by diſtruſt offend not,
When things appear to turn out ill,
And God we comprehend not:
Blind Reaſon ſummons to her bar
God's Providence for things that are
Too deep for her to fathom!

"Why this, why that," we oft demand
In our preſumptuous cavil;
"This tangled web the wiſeſt hand
Can ſurely not unravel:
Surely my troubles are too great,
I have deſerved a better fate
Than Providence allots me."

Meantime my God is ſilent long,
Until the glorious iſſue

Shews that no thread was woven wrong
In all the wondrous tiſſue;
Until at laſt the hour is come,
When full of ſhame I muſt ſtand dumb
In preſence of my Maker.

Therefore, my ſoul, abide thou ſtill
In God, in every ſeaſon,
Who orders all things by His will
And not thy feeble reaſon;
And when the end ſhall make quite clear
The things which now ſo dark appear,
Thou ſhalt give God the glory.

Then wilt thou have great cauſe for praiſe,
That, conſcious of thy blindneſs,
Thou didſt not murmur in dark days,
Nor doubt God's loving kindneſs;
And when thy waiting time is o'er,
Thou ſhalt praiſe God for evermore
For all His wondrous mercies.

CONFIDENCE.

PLACE myſelf in Jeſus' hands
And there abide for ever;
No griefs, no joys, ſhall looſe the bands,
Nor our ſweet union ſever;
In thoſe dread days
When earth decays,
Who ſtays on Him, and whom He ſtays,
Shall be preſerved for ever.

A rock and caſtle is the Lord,
And they ſhall ſee and wonder,
Who build on His almighty word,
And thereon deeply ponder;
And what He ſaith,
In life and death,
My heart ſhall truſt with ſteadfaſt faith,
Though earth be rent aſunder.

Let Him do with me what He will,
He cannot fail to pleaſe me,
I cleave to Him with ſtrong faith ſtill,
And hope that He will bleſs me:
He muſt be bleſt
Who loves Him beſt,
And on His word doth firmly reſt;
Lord, with this truth impreſs me.

When things are at their worſt, I will
  Still joy in His protection,
Who loves to bring out good from ill,
  And grieves in my affliction:
His trials ſent
Are all well meant,
His blows a Father's chaſtisement,
  And tokens of affection.

My confidence unſhaken ſtands
  Upon His bleſsed promiſe,
That none ſhall pluck us from His hands,
  Nor any foe o'ercome us.
He will not break
The word He spake,
He will not leave us nor forſake,
  Nor take His Spirit from us.

I BELIEVE.

BELIEVE, and ſo have ſpoken:
Hear what God hath done for me!
I believe, and by this token
I confeſs Him openly:
That there is no name, whereby
Sinners can be ſaved, but His,
God Himſelf, the Lord Moſt High,
Jeſus Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.

I believe, and therefore ever
Will I love my God and guide;
I believe, and therefore never
Shall aught move me from His ſide;
And to all will I declare,
That my ſaving health is He,
And that where He is not, there
I wiſh not myſelf to be.

I believe, and therefore ſhun not
Troubles which the Lord ordains;
I believe, and therefore run not,
But gird up my loins and reins;
Many a victory have I won,
Oft ſtood firm by ſin enticed;
And by whom was all this done?
In Thy ſtrength, Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

I believe, and therefore ſink not
Under grief, diſtreſs, and pain;
I believe, and therefore ſhrink not
E'en from death, for death is gain:
For He gives me health and ſtrength
Even in the laſt dread ſtrife,
And ſhall bring me ſafe at length
Into everlaſting life.

Suffer not my faith to fail me,
But uphold me with Thy hand,
That, whatever foes aſsail me,
I may reach the promiſed land.
Jeſus, Thou my Joſhua be,
Let me follow in Thy train,
That I may at laſt with Thee
In the heavenly Canaan reign.

GOD'S COMMANDMENTS ARE NOT HARD.

T is not after all ſo hard
To be a happy man;
We give ourſelves unto the Lord,
And do the beſt we can.

Not ſlaves but ſons, we gladly do
Whatever we are told,
And with our love increaſes too
Our joy a thouſand fold.

We work with ſilent induſtry,
Unconſcious of the toil,
As of itself ſome goodly tree
Bears fruit in fertile ſoil.

Our daily task we enter on
With willing hearts and hands;
The Lord in us hath always done
What He from us demands.

In all He wills we acquieſce,
Aſſured that it is beſt,
At every time, in every place,
With Him we muſt be bleſt.

Thus doth the Chriſtian thrive and grow,
Though poor, a wealthy man,
And if we can't be happy ſo,
I know not how we can.

I WILL ABIDE WITH THEE.

N Thy ſervice will I ever,
Jeſus, my Redeemer, ſtay;
Nothing me from Thee ſhall ſever,
Gladly would I go Thy way.
Life in me Thy life produces,
And gives vigour to my heart,
As the vine doth living juices
To the purple grape impart.

Could I be in other places
Half ſo happy as with Thee,
Who ſo many gifts and graces
Haſt Thyſelf prepared for me?
No place could be half so fitted
To impart true joy, I ween,
Since to Thee, O Lord, committed
Power in heaven and earth hath been.

Where ſhall I find ſuch a Maſter,
Who hath done my ſoul ſuch good,
And retrieved the great diſaſter
Sin firſt cauſed, by His own blood?
Is not He my rightful owner,
Who for me His own life gave?
Were it not a foul diſhonour
Not to love Him to the grave?

Yes, Lord Jeſus, I am ever
  Thine in ſorrow and in joy;
Death the union ſhall not ſever,
  Nor Eternity deſtroy.
I am waiting, yea, am ſighing
  For my ſummons to depart;
He is beſt prepared for dying
  Who in life is Thine in heart.

Let Thy light on me be ſhining
  When the day is almoſt gone,
When the evening is declining,
  And the night is drawing on:
Bleſs me, O my Father, laying
  Both Thy hands on my meek head,
"Here thy day is ended," ſaying,
  "Yonder live the faithful dead."

Stay beſide me, when the ſtillneſs
  And the icy touch of death
Fills my trembling ſoul with chillneſs,
  Like the morning's froſty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
  Let my ſpirit grow more bright,
As I ſee the firſt faint glimmer
  Of the everlaſting light.

YE SHALL REJOICE WITH UNSPEAKABLE JOY.

HOW ſhall I deſcribe the pleaſure,
Which penetrates my inmoſt frame,
That I may call the Lord my treaſure,
My Saviour and Redeemer name;
That in my greateſt tribulation
I may find Him my conſolation,
And hope, through faith in God's dear Son,
That my true joy has now begun!

Could'ſt thou once know, O unbeliever,
The truth to which thou haſt been blind,
Thou would'ſt awake, as from a fever,
In grief and agony of mind.
Couldſt thou but taſte one hour the bleſſing
Of inward peace and joy poſſeſſing,
Thou would'ſt not loſe another day,
But come to Chriſt without delay.

Time was, when I myself have taſted
The joys this cold world can beſtow;
When precious hours in vain I waſted,
And pierced myſelf with many a woe;

From flower to flower like inſects haſting,
And pleaſure after pleaſure taſting,
Till pleaſure ended, as it muſt,
In diſappointment and diſguſt.

There cleaves to this world's fleeting pleaſures
The curſe of inſufficiency,
She ſpends, but doth not gather treaſures
To laſt throughout eternity;
Her glittering hoards of boaſted treaſure
Cannot repair, in ſmalleſt meaſure,
Sin's deadly miſchief, or contrive
To ſave one human ſoul alive.

How different are the joys which greet us,
When Jeſus hath new life beſtowed,
When Peace and Comfort come to meet us
And ſcatter flowers upon our road;
When at each hour we find ſweet healing
For every wound that we are feeling,
A balsam for our keeneſt ſmart,
A welcome to a Father's heart!

Our wants and wiſhes now are fewer,
The world around us seems more ſmall;
Our joys are ſimpler far and truer,
Unmixed with bitterneſs and gall.
Modeſt and humble in ſucceſſes,
Patient in troubles and diſtreſſes,
We are, and 'tis our pride to be,
Our Saviour's rightful property.

Above us lies an open heaven,
  Beneath us cloſed a dread abyſs;
We love, becauſe we are forgiven,
  We have true joy, true reſt and peace,
Anſwer to prayer, ſupport in trial,
Some better thing for each denial;
The good thing we have choſen is
Our ſoul's eternal happineſs.

Thus ever happy in poſſeſſing
  The love and favour of our God,
And truſting Him for every bleſſing
  Both for our ſoul's and body's good,
We live prepared always for dying,
Ready to quit this world of ſighing,
To reap an undeſerved reward,
And be for ever with the Lord.

HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.

RAISE, all praiſe, to Thee be given,
God the Father and the Son!
On the earth and in the heaven
All has proſpered Thou haſt done.
I confeſs with grateful feelings,
Wise and good have been thy dealings;
They proclaim aloud, that he
Is moſt bleſt who trusts in Thee.

Bleſſed Lord, if Thou hadſt led me
As I fooliſhly deſired,
All the good I ſhunned forbid me,
Given all that I required;
Hadſt Thou puniſhed me by granting
All that I believed was wanting,
Words would not, O God, expreſs
What had been my wretchedneſs!

How can they, whoſe eyes are blinded
'Mid the din and duſt of earth,
Find the pearl the heavenly-minded
Deem of ſuch transcendent worth?
Evil ways perversely chooſing,
And the right and true refuſing,
Farther every day they ſtray
From the true and living way.

He who wiſhes no conductor
But the hand of his dear Lord,
He who wiſhes no inſtructor
But His Spirit and His word,
He ſhall walk ſecure from dangers
In a land of foes and ſtrangers,
Till at laſt the ſame wiſe hand
Brings him to his Fatherland.

Therefore with my God hereafter
I will patiently abide,
And in ſpite of ſneers and laughter
Make Him my ſupport and guide.
Since in God I have confided,
I have been ſecurely guided;
What I have experienced, is
My beſt pledge for future bliſs.

God hath ſaid it, God hath ſaid it,
God hath ſaid, and I obey;
God hath ſaid it, God hath ſaid it,
And with joy I go my way:
God ſo willeth, God ſo willeth,
Every murmur ſweetly ſtilleth,
God ſo wills it, e'en hath power
To make ſweet the laſt dread hour.

LIFE AND CONTENTMENT IN JESUS.

BLESSED Sun, whoſe ſplendour
Diſpels the ſhades of night,
O Jeſus, my defender,
My ſoul's ſupreme delight,
All day I hear reſounding
A voice with ſilver tone,
Which ſpeaks of grace abounding
Through God's eternal Son.

A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft ſeizes on my breaſt,
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true reſt!
Though fortune ſhould bereave me
Of all I love the beſt,
If Chriſt His love ſtill leave me,
I freely give the reſt.

To win this precious treaſure
And matchleſs pearl, I would
Give honour, wealth, and pleaſure,
And every earthly good;
I gladly would surrender
The deareſt thing which might
Obſcure my Sun's bright ſplendour,
And rob me of His light.

I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee,
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jeſus,
Becauſe I live in Thee,
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatſoe'er it be,
It makes no ſeparation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and teacher,
Vouchſafe to be my own,
Though poor, I ſhall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and bleſt,
Ah! what ſhall I be yonder
In perfect peace and reſt?
O bleſſed thought in dying!
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there ſhall be no ſighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Lord, with this truth impreſs me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer, and bleſs me,
That Thou my Saviour art:

Without Thy love to guide me,
I ſhould be wholly loſt,
The floods would quickly hide me
On life's wide ocean toſt.

Thy love it was which ſought me,
Thyſelf unſought by me,
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be:
The things, which once diſtreſt me,
My heart no longer move,
Since this ſweet truth impreſt me,
That I poſſeſs Thy love.

TURN AGAIN.

URN, poor wanderer, ere the ſentence
Falls on thee which none can ſtay;
Flee to Chriſt with deep repentance,
Seek the Lord without delay.
As thou art, with all thy burden,
Come, and He will grant thee pardon:
See! He comes to meet thee, ſealing
With His own moſt holy word,
Pardon, bleſſing, ſtrength, and healing;
Turn, O turn thee to the Lord.

Flee from worldly diſſipation,
Commune with thy heart, be ſtill;
God ſhall by thy renovation
All thy beſt deſires fulfil.
There a peaceful calm awaits thee
From the ſtorm which agitates thee,
There ſhalt thou diſcern the warning
Of the Spirit in thy breaſt,
Pleading with thee, night and morning,
Till He brings thee to thy reſt.

Lay aſide all needleſs terrors,
For thy Father's loving heart

Offers pardon for thy errors,
  Balſam for thy keeneſt ſmart.
Look on Him, whom thou haſt wounded,
Yet whoſe love hath ſo abounded,
That He ſuffered to redeem thee;
  Turn, O turn again, nor fear,
That thy Lord will yet condemn thee,
  Who eſteemed thy ſoul ſo dear.

Drink in life with deep thankſgiving,
  Dwelling on this gracious theme,
God is patient and forgiving,
  And almighty to redeem;
Not a grief, but He can feel it,
Not a wound, but He can heal it;
He hath balm for every ſorrow,
  Cleanſing for the vileſt ſin;
O delay not till to-morrow
  What thou canſt this day begin.

Shake off all thy ſloth and dulneſs,
  Linger not, nor take thine eaſe;
Come from emptineſs to fulneſs,
  Shadows to realities,
Out of dimneſs into clearneſs,
Out of diſtance into nearneſs!
Come away from ſin and ſorrow,
  Come to Chriſt without delay!
Put not off until to-morrow
  What thy God will give to-day.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

AN then the world make no proviſion
For human happineſs below?
Is all ſhe gives us but a viſion,
A fleeting dream, an empty ſhow?
Her burthens are ſo hard to bear,
Her pleaſures lighter than the air!

Her life is but a fruitleſs ſtriving,
A never fought-out battle-field,
A fruitleſs toil, a vain contriving,
A ſorrow which remains unhealed,
A ſleep which gives no reſt, a breath,
An every day repeated death.

Sometimes we ſpend the hours in trying
Their weary dulneſs to beguile,
Now we complain that they are flying,
And cry, "ſweet hours, O ſtay awhile."
Sometimes we wiſh to flee away,
Sometimes on earth would ever ſtay.

Now draughts of flattery we are drinking
From poiſoned cups, and now we try
To drown remorſe, and ſilence thinking,
By noiſy mirth and revelry;

Now ſcoff at God, and now give vent
To murmuring and diſcontent.

Meantime both head and heart are hollow
In midſt of riot and exceſs,
And on enjoyment quickly follow
Satiety and wearineſs:
We feaſt, and yet have not our fill,
We ſleep, and yet are weary ſtill.

We make proviſion every minute
For the poor tenement of clay,
And leave the ſoul who dwells within it
To pine and languiſh day by day;
The pampered body takes its eaſe,
She ſits at home and languiſhes.

While thus, uncared for and neglected,
Averſe from God ſhe pines away,
Death comes upon us unexpected,
And pulling down our houſe of clay,
Turns out the ſoul from time, to be
A tenant of eternity.

Make me, O God, not earthly-minded,
But Thine in Jeſus Chriſt to be,
That by the world no longer blinded,
I may devote my heart to Thee,
And *in* not *of* the world be found,
A ſhining light to all around.

OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN.

AS a traveller, returning
To his home from ſome far land,
Thinks of it with boſom yearning,
Ere his foot hath touched the ſtrand;
So amid the noiſy pleaſures
Of the world, the heart oft ſighs
For the nobler higher treaſures
Laid up for us in the ſkies.

All our wiſh and our endeavour
Is to love and pleaſe and chooſe
Him, who loves us, nor will ever
What is for our good refuſe.
When the ſoul without diſtraction
Sits and liſtens at His feet,
Then ſhe finds true ſatisfaction
And a happineſs complete.

Jeſus, like the magnet, raiſes
Our dull ſpirits to the ſkies,
And we ſeem, in prayer and praiſes,
As on eagles' wings to riſe;
Why we feel this ſtrong attraction,
Why we wait for His command
In each thought, and word, and action,
Can the world not underſtand.

Should our enemies aſperſe us,
Our dear Lord, who loves us ſo,
Bids us bleſs e'en them who curſe us,
And to love our greateſt foe.
He, who died for our ſalvation
And on us hath heaven beſtowed,
Wills that by our converſation
We ſhould glorify our God.

Can we have our hearts in heaven,
And yet earthly-minded live?
Can we, who have been forgiven,
Not forget and not forgive?
Can we hate an erring brother,
Only love when we are loved,
And not bear with one another,
By Chriſt's Holy Spirit moved?

Ah! no hater, or blaſphemer,
None who ſlander and defame,
Can be one with the Redeemer,
Who was gentle as a lamb:
Love will cauſe aſſimilation
With the object of our love,
Love will work a transformation
And renewal from above.

None, O Lord, who are unholy,
Shall Thy perfect beauty ſee;
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Teach me to reſemble Thee.

Keep me from the world unſpotted,
That I may not only be
To Thy ſervice here devoted,
But abide in heaven with Thee.

THE SERVANT OF THE LORD.

THE man is highly bleſſed,
Who makes it his delight,
To do his Maſter's bidding,
And ſerve him day and night;
Who aſks him for His bleſſing,
When he begins the day,
His ſins with grief confeſſing,
When he has gone aſtray.

His loving heart conſtrains him
To watch the beckoning hand
Of Him, whoſe abſence pains him,
Whoſe wiſh is a command;
He needs no admonition,
But follows glad and ſtill,
For love by intuition
Prevents the loved one's will.

God ſanctifies and bleſſes
The trials which He ſends;
The burthen lightly preſſes,
It breaks not, though it bends:
And though our tears flow faſter
At each increaſing ſtroke,
We lean upon our Maſter,
And meekly bear His yoke.

We know He ſympathiſes
In all that grieves us ſo,
And no diſtreſs deſpiſes
Which we can undergo:
To Him we may each weakneſs,
Each trouble boldly ſhow,
Who hath for us with meekneſs
Endured ſuch bitter woe.

And when our proſpect brightens,
And we are light and gay,
He is the ſun which lightens,
And turns our night to day.
From Him comes every bleſſing,
To Him they lead us back;
In Him all things poſſeſſing,
No real good we lack.

How ſweet a lot befalls us,
How greatly are we bleſt!
For that whereto He calls us,
We know is always beſt:
In good and adverſe ſeaſons,
In pleaſure and in pain,
We aſk Him for no reaſons,
Nor ever once complain.

Brief as a night of ſlumber
Our days glide ſwiftly on,
Ere we can tell their number
Death comes, and we are gone!

O happy day which ſees us
To our Beloved reſtored!
When we ſhall be with Jeſus,
The ſervant with his Lord.

STRONG IN FAITH, RICH IN LOVE.

LET me build on this ſecure foundation,
Lord, my rock, my ſafety, and my ſhield,
Which Thy holy word for my ſalvation
Hath in this accepted time revealed:
Jeſus Chriſt His glory hath forſaken,
And our fleſh and human nature taken,
To redeem us by His death from death;
He hath died, that we might be forgiven,
He hath died, that we may live in heaven,
There by ſight, and here meantime by faith.

Plant in me a faith ſecure and ſtable
In the work which Thou, O God, haſt planned,
That no ſneers nor my own doubts be able
To deſtroy the faith wherein I ſtand.
Give me Peter's ſorrow and contrition,
Let me witneſs alſo his confeſſion,
"Thou art Chriſt, to whom then ſhall I go?"
Like St. Paul's, let this be my endeavour,
That the life I live I may live ever
Through the faith of Him who loved me ſo.

Kindle by the Spirit's inſpiration
That undying love within my heart,

Who, though crowned herſelf with Thy ſalvation,
  Yet prefers a ſervant's humble part,
Who is meek and gentle in behaviour,
Rich in faith, rejoicing in her Saviour,
  Calm and patient under every ill;
Suffers, hopes, believes all things, and bleſſes
God alike in joy and in diſtreſſes,
  Ready both to bear and do His will.

And ſo let me, loving and confiding,
  Walk conducted by Thy faithful hand,
Or beneath Thy ſheltering wings abiding
  Shun the foes which I can not withſtand:
Nor, when conquering, let me boaſt, but rather
Clinging like a child unto its father,
  Smile ſecurely in Thy firm embrace:
Let me on Thy faithful word relying
Claſp Thee with the arms of faith, till dying
  I at length behold Thee face to face.

SALVATION IS COME TO THIS HOUSE.

HAPPY houſe, O home ſupremely bleſt,
Where Thou, Lord Jeſus Chriſt, art entertained
As the moſt welcome and belovèd gueſt,
With true devotion and with love unfeigned:
Where all hearts beat in uniſon with Thine,
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on Thee,
Where all are ready, at the ſlighteſt ſign,
To do Thy will and do it heartily.

O happy houſe, where man and wife are one
Through love of Thee, in ſpirit, heart, and mind;
Together joined by holy bands, which none,
Not death itſelf, can ſever or unbind:
Where both on Thee unfailingly depend,
In weal and woe, in good and evil days,
And hope with Thee eternity to ſpend
In ſweet communion and eternal praiſe.

O happy houſe, where with the hands of prayer
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end:

Where they are taught to ſit at Jeſus' feet,
And liſten to the words of life and truth,
And learn to liſp His praiſe in accents ſweet
From early childhood to advancing youth.

O happy houſe, where man and maid purſue
Their daily labours as unto the Lord,
Deſiring only that whate'er they do
May be according to His will and word:
As ſervants, yet as friends and brethren too,
Their love with deep humility combined,
No leſs in little than in great things true,
They ſerve Him gladly with a willing mind.

O happy houſe, where Thou doſt ſhare the weal,
Where none forget Thee, whatsoe'er befall;
O happy houſe, where Thou the wounds doſt heal,
The Healer and the Comforter of all;
Till every one his ſtated taſk hath done,
And all at length ſhall peacefully depart
To the bright realms where Thou Thyſelf art gone,
The Father's houſe where Thou already art.

THE WORD OF LIFE.

ORD of Life, eternal fountain,
Thou doſt living ſtrength impart
To the ſoul that truly ſeeks Thee,
To the faint and longing heart:
So ſome tender flower of ſummer
Drooping in the noonday ſun,
Bends its head, to drink the waters
Which beſide it ſoftly run.

What were earth, if Thou wert abſent,
But a vale by ſtreams unfed?
What were heaven without Thy preſence,
But a hall untenanted?
What were life, by Thee ungladdened,
But a long protracted death?
What, without Thee, would be dying?
Night without the morning's breath.

Word of Life, 'tis Thine to light us,
But 'tis Thine to warn us too;
Thou a glorious heaven revealeſt,
But bring'st alſo hell to view:
Terribly Thou wakeſt ſinners
From their dull lethargic reſt,
Yet Thy mercy ſweetly covers
Sins repented and confeſt.

Taught by Thee, we learn to tremble
At a Judge who all things weighs;
But no leſs to love a Father,
Who bears with the child that ſtrays;
One who gave His own beloved
For the ſin that He reproves,
Who in Him the ſin condemneth,
Yet in Him the ſinner loves.

Word of Life, to him that hears thee
Thou doſt promiſe heavenly reſt;
Yet by him alone who keeps thee
Shall the jewel be poſſeſt.
Ah, then! I will ever keep thee,
Word of God, the Spirit's ſword;
Help me here to fight and conquer,
There to reap a bright reward.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

WHAT greater bleſſedneſs can be,
What more exalted ſtate,
Than when, O Lord, our lives to Thee
By faith we conſecrate?

The thought that Thou art ever nigh
Inſpires us with delight;
We ſeem to ſee Thee with the eye,
And live as in Thy ſight.

What though our lips oft ſilent be,
The heart doth always pray,
And grateful thoughts riſe up to Thee,
O Lord, both night and day.

We may with Thee hold converſe ſweet,
When all around is ſtill,
And come before Thy mercy-ſeat,
As often as we will.

Like children at Thy feet we play,
And ſhould we come to grief,
We fly to Thee to wipe away
Our tears and grant relief.

When we are weary, our kind God
  Prepares for us a bed,
And covers with the cool green ſod
  His ſleeping children's head.

There in the deep ſtill night we lie,
  Until the morning break,
And we ſhall hear the Saviour's cry;
  "Awake from ſleep, awake."

What then ſhall be, to our dim ken
  A myſtery doth ſeem;
We know that we ſhall be like men
  Awakened from a dream.

UNITY IN THE SPIRIT.

BRETHREN, called by one vocation,
Members of one family,
Heirs through Chriſt of one ſalvation,
Let us live in harmony;
Nor by ſtrife
Embitter life,
Journeying to eternity.

In a land where all are ſtrangers,
And our ſojourning ſo ſhort,
In the midſt of common dangers,
Concord is our beſt ſupport:
Heart with heart
Divides the ſmart,
Lightens grief of every ſort.

Let us ſhun all vain contention
Touching words and outward things,
Whence alas! ſo much diſſenſion
And ſuch bitter rancour ſprings:
Troubles ceaſe,
Where Chriſt brings peace
And ſweet healing on His wings.

Judge not haſtily of others,
But thine own ſalvation mind;

Nor be lynx-eyed to thy brother's,
To thine own offences blind;
God alone
Diſcerns thine own,
And the hearts of all mankind.

Let it be our chief endeavour,
That we may the Lord obey,
Then ſhall envy ceaſe for ever,
And all hate be done away;
Free from ſtrife
Shall be his life
Who ſerves God both night and day.

THE BLESSING OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

IT is a practice greatly bleſt
To ſpeak, Lord Jeſu Chriſt, of Thee;
Thou art amongſt us as a gueſt,
We feel it, though we cannot ſee:
We ſeem to breathe, in glad ſurpriſe,
An atmoſphere of love and bliſs,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

How quickly ſtrife and envy end,
How ſoon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counſel thus with friend,
When ſoul meets ſoul, and heart meets heart;
We have ſo many things to ſay,
So many failings to confeſs,
Time flies alas! ſo ſoon away,
We cannot half we would expreſs.

How fain would we repeat again
The touching tale of God's dear Son,
His faithfulneſs and love to men,
And the great things which He hath done;
How He firſt touched our heart and feelings
By joy and grief's alternate ſway,
And led us by His gracious dealings
In ſafety to this very day.

We hear a ſtill ſmall voice within,
When firſt He makes His preſence known;
Bleſt hour! when we confeſs our ſin
With many a ſelf-accuſing groan:
When we bow down and humbly call
On God to heal our bitter ſmart,
We feel His Spirit gently fall
Like dew upon our weary heart.

We feel relieved from all diſtreſs,
From anxious doubt and boding fear;
We have a foretaſte of our bliſs,
And breathe a purer atmoſphere:
We ſeem new creatures to become,
New thoughts and hopes poſſeſs our mind;
Like wanderers returning home,
We leave all former things behind.

O let us then, dear Lord, be bleſt
With Thy ſweet preſence every day,
Be with us as our daily gueſt
And our companion on the way:
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us preſs on to things before,
Bring us together in Thy name,
Until we meet to part no more.

COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.

WEEP no more, poor child of ſorrow,
O'er thy youth's untimely blight;
Joy will come again to-morrow,
Grief endureth but a night.

Seems it long till purple morning
Streaks the eaſtern ſky with light?
Stars with beauty are adorning
E'en the ſable brow of night.

DEVOTION.

HOW good it is, Lord, to be here
Amid the congregation!
The beating heart and gushing tear
Bespeak our adoration.

Wherefore, ye tear drops, do ye flow?
O heart, what means this beating?
The body rests from toil below,
The soul her God is meeting.

WORK IN THE LORD.

WHAT in the Lord thou doeſt muſt ſucceed,
The glory His, the bleſſing ſhall be thine;
From Him alike both will and act proceed,
He ſows and gives the increase to the ſeed,
He prompts and perfects every good deſign:
Hands on thy work, thy heart on God alone,
Thus and thus only is a good work done.

Think not that ought is in God's eyes ſo ſmall,
That He will not the needful ſuccour lend;
His ear is ever open to thy call,
To give thee ſtrength, to bleſs and proſper all,
And bring thy labours to a happy end;
Call on the Lord whate'er thou doſt to bleſs,
And He will crown thy efforts with ſucceſs.

He makes thy heart courageous, firm, and bold,
And ſhould thy labours ſeem to preſs too ſore,
He ſuffers not thy courage to grow cold,
Smooths on thy care-worn brow the gathering fold,
Arms thee with patient induſtry, nay more!
Regards the ſmalleſt kindneſs ſhown to one
Of His disciples, as to Him t'were done.

His preſence doth not weaken and deſtroy,
But rather ſtrengthens and collects thy powers,
Sheds a bright luſtre o'er the day's employ,
Turns toil to pleaſure, trouble into joy,
And gilds with ſunſhine e'en thy darkeſt hours:
For what thy hand hath done with all its might,
The Lord will richly to thy heart requite.

How bleſt to have the Lord before our eyes!
To ſpeak with Him, and liſten to His voice,
With Him in all our troubles to adviſe,
To feed upon His holy myſteries,
And in each act of goodneſs to rejoice;
The world aſtoniſhed cannot underſtand
The cheerful promptneſs of thy heart and hand.

THE MISSIONARIES.

LEST are ye, ye choſen bearers
Of God's word to lands afar,
Bidding all men to be ſharers
Of the joyful news ye bear.
Onward, onward, boldly preſſing
Through the howling deſert ſpeed,
God will crown your work with bleſſing,
And give increaſe to the ſeed.

High your Saviour's banner waving,
Tell it forth, intrepid band,
That His name alone is ſaving,
That all power is in His hand.
Be to all the world a witneſs
Of the everlaſting word,
Teaching all to taſte its ſweetneſs,
And confeſs that He is Lord.

Arm, ye ſoldiers, though your weapons
Be not ſpears or glittering ſwords,
Preſs on ſtill, though danger threatens,
For the whole earth is the Lord's.
He who ſent you will defend you,
And your King and Shepherd be,
Though like ſheep 'mid wolves He ſend you,
Ye ſhall wander glad and free.

Love it was for one another
  Which firſt moved and urged you on,
That to do for your poor brother
  Which the Lord for you hath done.
Therefore ſeek ye neither pleaſure,
  Honour, wealth, nor earthly good,
No! ye bear a nobler treaſure,
  Peace through Jeſus' precious blood.

Bear all hardſhips unrepining,
  Scoffed at, anſwer not a word;
For all lands ſhall ſoon be ſhining
  With the glory of the Lord.
Bleſt are ye, brave ſtandard-bearers,
  Witneſſes for Chriſt to men,
Ye ſhall in His joy be ſharers,
  When your Lord ſhall come again.

After all their tribulations,
  Thouſands ſhall Hoſanna ſing,
And the heavens with acclamations
  To their God and Saviour ring.
Thouſands then ſhall hail the teachers,
  Who firſt brought them to the Lord;
Then ſhall be, ye faithful preachers,
  Your bright crown and ſweet reward.

THE FATHER LOVETH YOU.

OW bleſt are we! that God of us
Vouchſafes to be ſo heedful,
Providing for our daily uſe
Whatever things are needful:
All things are his,
Whoſe Father is
The God, who ever liveth,
And every good gift giveth.

What though we roam the wide world o'er,
And have no earthly treaſure,
Our Father's love can give us more
Than worlds of wealth can meaſure:
We need not fear,
Though we have here
But little food and raiment,
Nor aught to give in payment.

He who for us ſo much hath done
To purchaſe our ſalvation,
Who gave His own belovèd Son
For our propitiation;
He who beſtows
Such love on foes,
Will He, our God and Father,
Not care for us much rather?

Before a throne of grace we may
  Preſent ourſelves with boldneſs,
Nor fear that He will turn away
  His face from us with coldneſs:
He will and can
Hear every man,
Who offers his petition
With faith and true contrition.

In Jeſus Chriſt the Father's heart
  Is open to receive us;
We fly to it, when inward ſmart
  And outward troubles grieve us:
There we may reſt
Secure and bleſt,
Expoſed no more to dangers,
To care and ſorrow ſtrangers.

Think ye the near approach of death
  Can make our hearts feel ſadly?
Ah, no, when "Come" the Father ſaith,
  We will go home right gladly:
Far better 'twere
That we were there!
O would that He would call us!
We ſigh, when griefs befall us.

He loveth us, that is enough
  To fill our hearts with gladneſs,
He loveth us, that is enough
  To chaſe away all ſadneſs:

Lord, grant that we
May alſo Thee
Love with a love unceaſing,
Yea, every day increaſing!

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

HAT love is pureſt and moſt true,
Which leans upon its Saviour's breaſt,
And thinks with pleaſure ever new
How in all things to pleaſe Him beſt;
Which in all things, not great alone,
On ſerving Him is fully bent,
And knowingly will not to one,
No! not the ſmalleſt ſin conſent.

For know, my ſoul, the Lord will not
Hold thy leaſt ſervice in contempt,
For little acts are moſt from ſpot
Of vanity and pride exempt:
Begin then firſt with little things,
The ſmalleſt ſin avoid and hate;
Obedience to love adds wings,
And little faith will grow to great.

If thou avoideſt but the great
And groſſer ſins, from fear of ſhame,
And doſt the ſmall ones tolerate,
Thy love is but an empty name;

That is not loving Chriſt alone,
  That is but loving Him in part,
Not doing His will, but thine own,
  Not ſerving Him with all thy heart.

For he who is indeed the Lord's,
  Follows Him always, and will ſhun
In all his actions, thoughts, and words,
  All ſin, or an approach to one;
Seeks to promote his Saviour's praiſe
  In everything he doth and ſaith,
And walks in His moſt holy ways,
  Partaker of His life and death.

In every work, and at all hours,
  His chief aim is to ſerve his Lord
With all his heart, and mind, and powers,
  In ſtrict obedience to His word;
For Him he ſhrinks not night and day
  From hardſhip, trouble, loſs, and woe;
It is enough for him to ſay;
  "My Lord commands and wills it ſo."

Wreſtle, my ſoul, and ſtrive and pray,
  Thyſelf to this true love to raiſe,
That thus thou mayſt from day to day
  Bring forth new fruit to His great praiſe:
Study to pleaſe Him, and be true,
  My ſoul, in great and ſmall things both,
For earneſt diligence may do
  What is impoſſible to ſloth.

Say not, I will in ſome great trial
My conſtancy and truth maintain;
O think of Peter's ſad denial,
And confidence, which proved ſo vain:
Then learn to practiſe truth in ſmall
As well as in great things; leſt thou,
Like Peter, ſhould bewail thy fall,
Thy faithleſſneſs and broken vow.

I AND MY HOUSE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

AND my houſe are ready, Lord,
With hearts that beat in ſweet accord,
To ſerve Thee and obey Thee;
Be in the midſt of us, we pray,
To guide and bleſs us, that we may
A willing ſervice pay Thee:
Of us all,
Great and ſmall,
Make a pious congregation,
Pure in life and converſation.

Let Thy good Spirit by the word
Work mightily in us, O Lord,
Our ſouls and bodies filling!
O let the Sun of grace ſhine bright,
That there may be abundant light
In us and in our dwelling:
On our way,
Night and day,
With the heavenly manna feed us,
To the heavenly Canaan lead us.

Send peace and bleſſing from above,
Unite us all in faith and love
Who in this houſe are living;

Let charity our hearts prepare
To ſuffer long and all things bear,
  Meek, gentle, and forgiving:
Nor in aught
Chriſt hath taught
Let us fail to one another,
But each love and help his brother.

Lord, let our houſe be built upon
Thy faithfulneſs and grace alone;
  And when the day is cloſing,
And night her gloomy ſhadow flings,
Let us lie down beneath Thy wings
  With childlike truſt repoſing;
E'en with ſmart
In the heart,
Cheerful, happy, and confiding,
Patiently in Thee abiding.

If Thou ſhouldſt bleſs our home with wealth,
Let not the world creep in by ſtealth,
  And take away the bleſſing;
For if our hearts ſhould empty be
Of meekneſs and humility,
Although all elſe poſſeſſing,
We ſhould miſs
That true bliſs,
Which not all the world's vaſt treaſure
Can ſupply in ſmalleſt meaſure.

But this, O Lord, we pray for moſt,
That in our houſe the Holy Ghoſt

May ever be preſiding;
He can preſerve our ſouls from ſin,
Keep order and ſound diſcipline,
His Spirit all things guiding:
O may we
Ever be
By the Spirit thus attended
Till our pilgrimage is ended!

THE HAPPY LOT.

UR lot is fall'n in pleaſant places,
A goodly heritage is ours;
To Him, whence come all gifts and graces,
Let us give praiſe with all our powers;
He chooſes us of His free grace,
And makes us His peculiar race.

He undertook our ſouls' ſalvation,
Our ſad condition moved Him ſo,
And came to us, from pure compaſſion,
To raiſe us from our depths of woe;
O wonderful ſurpaſſing love,
Which brought Him to us from above!

He ſaw in us no real beauty,
No virtue, nor intrinſic worth;
Not one there was that did his duty,
For all were ſinners from their birth;
Nor was there one, in ſuch diſtreſs,
Who could our miſery redreſs.

Then, moved at heart with deep compaſſion,
The Lord ſtretched out His arm to ſave,

And His own life for our ſalvation
And therewith all things freely gave,
Adoption, ſonſhip, and with this
A whole eternity of bliſs.

O Lord, of goodneſs ſo amazing
Not one is worthy, no! not one;
We ſtand in ſhame and wonder gazing
At the great things which Thou haſt done;
Thy crowning grace and precious blood
Have reconciled us with our God.

We feel quite certain of obtaining
Nothing but goodneſs from Thy hand,
And wend our way without complaining
Through dreary miſt and barren land,
With heaven in view, where we ſhall be
Joined thro' eternity to Thee.

The lines are fall'n in pleaſant places,
A goodly heritage is ours,
And gladly would we ſhare the graces
Which God's great goodneſs richly ſhowers;
We offer them alike to all
Who will obey the gracious call.

It grieves us ſore when men refuſe them,
And treat our offers with diſdain,
Or by neglect for ever loſe them,
And make the grace of God in vain;
All ye who thirſt, come here and buy,
And Chriſt will all your wants ſupply.

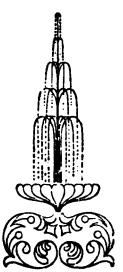
ABIDE IN JESUS.

ABIDE, abide in Jeſus,
Who for us bare griefs untold,
And Himſelf, from pain to eaſe us,
Suffered pangs a thouſandfold:
Bide with Him, who ſtill abideth
When all elſe ſhall paſs away,
And as Judge ſupreme preſideth
In that dread and awful day.

All is dying: hearts are breaking,
Which to ours were once faſt bound,
And the lips have ceaſed from ſpeaking,
Which once uttered ſuch ſweet ſound,
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our ſupport and ſtay,
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

Everything we love and cheriſh
Haſtens onward to the grave,
Earthly joys and pleaſures periſh,
And whate'er the world e'er gave;
All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames muſt ceaſe to glow,
Earthly beings ceaſe from being,
Earthly bloſſoms ceaſe to blow.

Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jeſus ſtands upon the duſt;
"Lean on me alone," He ſayeth,
"Hope and love and firmly truſt!"
O abide, abide with Jeſus,
Who Himſelf for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives.



THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.

THE badge the Chriſtian wears on earth,
Is his dear Saviour's croſs,
And he who underſtands its worth,
Regards all elſe as droſs.

He wears it humbly, not for ſhow,
But as a cure for ſin;
Not ſhining on his breaſt, ah no!
He wears his croſs within.

And tho' it tries and grieves him too,
He is no leſs content;
He knows both what 'tis meant to do,
And by whom it is ſent.

He wears it for a brief ſpace here,
But as a pledge in hand
Of the bright crown, which he ſhall wear
In his dear Fatherland.

BE READY, FOR THE DAYS ARE EVIL.

ET me ſuffer wrong without complaining,
While myſelf from doing wrong abſtaining,
Through Thy grace and ſtrength,
O Lord, I pray!
Let me never ſmite the hand that ſmites me,
But do good to him who ill requites me;
Thus prepare me for the evil day.

Into Thine own image, Lord, transform me,
To Thy gentle Spirit ſo conform me,
That this leſſon never may be loſt,
Not the poor oppreſſed, but the oppreſſor,
Not the injured, but the proud tranſgreſſor,
Is the man who needs our pity moſt.

Though by cruel treatment oft incited,
Thou haſt never ill with ill requited,
Nor reviled haſt Thou reviled again;
Yet it muſt have grieved Thy holy nature,
More, far more than me a ſinful creature,
To behold the wickedneſs of men.

Thou hadſt power not only to create us,
But to puniſh and annihilate us;
Yet ſo great, ſo wonderful Thy love!
That to ſave us from the doom impending,
Thou didſt give Thyſelf to death, deſcending
To our depth from Thy great height above.

My true Peace and Saviour, be Thou near me,
That in ſuffering I may not grow weary;
Be Thou near me to direct my way;
Strengthen Thou my ſoul when foes aſſail her,
That Thy patient Spirit may not fail her;
Thus prepare me for the evil day.

That herself in patience ſtill poſſeſſing,
She may find e'en woes to be a bleſſing,
Nor account them ſtrange when they ariſe;
Point her to the happy realms above her,
Where departed ſaints, who dearly love her,
Wait to greet her in the opening ſkies.

LONGING.

THAT my ſoul might never lack
The guidance of Thy gentle hand,
But follow in the eaſy track
Of Thy ſweet will and wiſe command!
That I might find the Lord's employ
Not a hard ſervice but a joy!

O that each word of Thine I thought
Deſerving of my high eſteem,
And all oppoſed to it as naught
But falſehood and an idle dream!
That my ſole aim in all might be,
To do, dear Lord, what pleaſes Thee!

O that I made Thy word a light,
My ſtandard and my laſt appeal,
To ſhew me what is wrong or right,
What hurtful, what for my true weal,
Not ever doubtful what I would
When I know plainly what I ſhould.

O that to every word I paid
A due obſervance and regard,
Nor ſought Thy precepts to evade
When clear, becauſe they ſeem too hard,

And that, albeit weak and faint,
I followed them without complaint!

Then life were one conſiſtent whole,
Not a mixed web of ill and good,
The full ſurrender of the ſoul,
A victory over fleſh and blood;
Then ſhould I find, made glad and free,
Thy ſervice perfect liberty.

O make Thy precepts ſweet to me
By Thy good Spirit's gentle ſway,
And let my feet be led by Thee
In Thine own true and perfect way;
Thy precepts are my life's true bliſs,
At once its rule and happineſs.

With all Thy law's exact demands
O make me by Thy grace content,
That I may do what it commands,
Not from the fear of puniſhment,
No! but becauſe my heart relies
Upon Thy grace and ſacrifice.

MY SOUL THIRSTETH AFTER THE LIVING GOD.

SK not, what it is that ails me,
Probe not deep my inward ſmart;
God it is Himſelf that fails me,
Thirſt for God conſumes my heart;
For alas! if He be wanting,
Boundleſs wealth would leave me poor,
Houſeleſs, friendleſs, thirſty, fainting,
Wandering from door to door.

Riches, honour, pomp, and learning,
Beauty, pleaſure, ſcience, art,
Cannot ſatisfy my yearning,
Cannot fill my aching heart;
Patience under tribulation,
Strength to ſuffer, love, and live,
Joy in death and conſolation,
God Himſelf alone can give.

Idols of the heathen nations,
Works of art and human ſkill,
Cannot quench my aſpirations,
Nor my earneſt longings ſtill;
Subtle thoughts and ſpeculations
Of paſt ages and our own
Cannot reach my expectations,
Which cry out for God alone.

When ſhall I appear before Thee,
When behold Thy glorious face,
And with joyful lips adore Thee,
In Thy full unclouded grace?
When ſhall love ſucceed to coldneſs,
Confidence to doubt and fear,
When ſhall I with childlike boldneſs
To the throne of grace draw near?

When will God be my ſole treaſure,
When will He abide with me?
When will His great will the meaſure
Of my will and actions be?
When will no thought ever enter
Into heart and mind but this,
In the Lord alone to centre
Every hope of happineſs?

No! the flame, which He hath lighted,
Will not prove a flickering ray,
He who hath this thirſt excited,
Will its longing quench one day;
When I quit this vale of ſadneſs,
And to brighter regions ſoar,
I ſhall drink with joy and gladneſs
Living waters evermore.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

LONG and toilſome is the road,
Difficult the track,
And beneath its heavy load
Often bows our back,
Yet our hearts feel no diſmay;
Though our ſtrength be ſmall,
On His ſtrength we well may ſtay,
Who is Lord of all.

Jeſus never will forget us;
On His word we ſtay,
That He will not leave, nor let us
Periſh on the way:
Often when our ſtrength appears
To forſake us quite,
Comfort whiſpers in our ears;
"He will ſet all right."

He who brought the cryſtal wave
From its rocky bed,
And the Prophet in the cave
By the ravens fed;
He who with a little bread
Thouſands ſatisfied,
Can He not for thoſe who need
Even now provide?

He who in His hands doth bear
This terreſtrial ball,
And without whom not a hair
From our head doth fall;
Who the great thinks not too great,
Nor the ſmall too ſmall,
Can He see our ſad eſtate,
Heedleſs of our call?

He who opened heaven to man,
And hath plainly ſhewed
By what way we may and can
Reach that bleſt abode;
He who to prepare a place
Hath ſuch pains beſtowed,
Can He let His choſen race
Periſh on the road?

No! He neither can nor will;
God is very good,
And the promiſe will fulfil
Sealed by His own blood.
Courage then, tho' hard your lot,
God can never lie,
Lift your heads on high, fear not,
Your redemption's nigh.

THE PLANT OF GOD'S PLANTING.

XCITE in me, O Lord, an ardent thirſt
After Thy kingdom and its righteouſneſs,
And ſmite my ſtony heart, that tears may burſt
Of true repentance and of deep diſtreſs.
Alas! the garden of my heart is cumbered
With hidden tares and noxious weeds unnumbered;
O cleanſe Thou me, that I may all my days
Bring forth good fruit to Thy eternal praiſe!

I know that from Thy foſtering care proceed,
Thou heavenly gardener, ſower of the earth,
The ſprouting, growth, and ripening of the ſeed,
Through all its ſtages from its earlieſt birth:
There's not a flower ſo mean, nor blade that groweth,
Whereon Thy love no tender care beſtoweth;
How ſweet to think, Lord, that on Thee depend
Germ, bloſſom, fruit, until my life ſhall end!

Thy hand firſt drew me from the earth's green lap,
With light revived me, and with ſoft dew fed,
And when a ſtorm befell me, the miſhap
Turned to my good, and raiſed my drooping head.

From day to day Thy goodneſs more amazes,
And fills my heart with gratitude and praiſes;
And thus I welcome, purging me from ſin,
Thy needful pruning and wiſe diſcipline.

A TIME OF DEARTH.

UR life is often dark,
Our ſoul of joy bereft,
It ſeems as though no ſpark
Of faith or love were left;
The hope, which once was ours,
Has fled we know not why,
And yet theſe very hours
Are bleſſings from on high.

When God awhile His face
Thus hides from us, we learn
To prize the more His grace,
And long for its return;
The ſoul with all her might,
Like Jacob, ſtrives and pleads,
And wreſtles day and night
Till ſhe at laſt ſucceeds.

Ah! then we feel full well
How ſad our life would prove,
More ſad than words can tell,
Without the Saviour's love;
'Tis that which renders ſweet
The cup of bitterneſs,
And ſoothes the grief we meet
In this world's wilderneſs.

Theſe are the ſoul's true faſt,
When all is dark within,
And we can only taſte
The bitterneſs of ſin;
Yet all is kindly meant,
And by this very faſt,
More truly we repent,
And feaſt with joy at laſt.

The Lord knows when to bleſs,
As well as to correct,
And oft relieves diſtreſs,
When we the leaſt expect;
Yea! often doth He make
The cloud we ſo much dread
In ſhowers refreſhing break
Upon our weary head.

In times like theſe we ſhould
Be driven to despair,
And in deſponding mood
Give up all hope and prayer,
Did God before our eyes
Not ſet forth His dear Son,
His death and ſacrifice,
And all that He has done.

Then learn to comprehend
The dealings of thy God,
To mark their gracious end,
And meekly kiſs the rod;

With patience wait awhile
The iſſue of thy woes,
Soon ſhall the deſert ſmile,
And bloſſom like the roſe.

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

ATHER, whoſe hand hath led me ſo ſecurely,
Father, whoſe ear hath liſtened to my prayer,
Father, whoſe eye hath watched o'er me ſo ſurely,
Whoſe heart hath loved me with a love ſo rare;
Vouchſafe, O heavenly Father, to inſtruct me
In the ſtraight way wherein I ought to go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
Through health and ſickneſs, and through weal and woe.

O my Redeemer, who haſt my redemption
Purchaſed and paid for by Thy precious blood,
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and puniſhment of God;
Thou who haſt ſaved my ſoul from condemnation,
Redeem it alſo from the power of ſin,
Be thou the Captain ſtill of my ſalvation,
Through whom alone I can the victory win.

O Holy Ghoſt, who from the Father floweſt
And from the Son, O teach me how to pray;
Thou, who the love and peace of God beſtoweſt,
With faith and hope inſpire and cheer my way;

Direct, control, and ſanctify each motion
Within my ſoul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and ſtill, and full of deep devotion,
A holy temple worthy, Lord, of Thee.

COMFORT.

HOW many hours of gladneſs
Hath the Lord on us beſtowed,
And how oft in times of ſadneſs
Eaſed our boſom of its load!

O how oft hath He relieved us
By the noon-day heat oppreſt,
And how oft, when aught hath grieved us,
Have we found with Him ſweet reſt!

Short the ſpace, and He will take us
To Himſelf—O wondrous love!
And of His great glory make us
Sharers in the realms above.

Then ſhall we appear before Him
Not as now in pilgrim-dreſs,
But to worſhip and adore Him
Clothed in robes of righteouſneſs.

Should not that, my heart, compoſe thee
Under every kind of ill?
Should it not at once diſpoſe thee
Both to do and bear His will?

All has furthered thy ſalvation,
Since thou madeſt Chriſt thy friend;
Wait with peaceful expectation,
Patiently await the end.

Even things which moſt diſtreſs thee,
That which moſt thy patience tries,
Are intended all to bleſs thee,
Are but mercies in diſguiſe.

If He lets thee ſometimes ſtumble
On the ſteep and rugged way,
'Tis to make thee meek and humble,
And on Him more fully ſtay.

Onward preſs with look directed
To thy home beyond the ſkies,
Till the glory long expected
Burſt on thee in Paradiſe.

Let not threats or hardſhips move thee,
Soon thy warfare will be done;
Hark! the blue expanſe above thee
Seems to whiſper "haſten on."

PILGRIM'S SONG.

NCOMPLAINING, though with care grown hoary,
I deſire to wear no crown of glory,
Where my Saviour wore a crown of thorn;
Not in paths of roſes would I dally,
Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
Where He ſuffered bitter pain and ſcorn.

Lord, ſend forth Thy light and truth to lead me
In the way, wherein Thy ſaints precede me,
With the Holy Spirit for my guide;
Let me chooſe the path of ſelf-denial,
Shunning no ſharp croſs or bitter trial
Which my Saviour's ſteps have ſanctified.

Give me, Thou, who art the ſoul's renewer,
Steadfaſt faith, which day by day grows truer;
Kindle love, the fruit of faith, in me,
Love, which puts the ſoul in active motion,
Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,
And which leads me thro' the world to Thee.

Many a painful ſtep muſt be aſcended,
Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
And in heaven I ſee Thee face to face;
O then reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raiſe me!
For alas! the giddy height diſmays me,
Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace!

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
Let me gaze upon Thine own blue heaven,
The ſweet haven where I long to be;
Give me now the comfort of poſſeſsing
What I value as the higheſt bleſsing,
Perfect peace through ſteadfaſt faith in Thee.

Here I am a ſojourner and ſtranger,
Worn with hardſhip and expoſed to danger,
Like a pilgrim with my ſtaff in hand;
With the croſs upon my breaſt I wander
To the promiſed Canaan which lies yonder,
My beloved and longed-for Fatherland.

PARTING.

HOW mean ye thus by weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Chriſt's keeping,
And cannot therefore part;
Nor time, nor place, can ſever
The bonds which us have bound;
In Chriſt abide for ever
Who once in Him are found.

As though to part for ever
We preſs each other's hands,
And yet no power can ſever
Our love's eternal bands;
We look quite broken-hearted,
And ſob our laſt farewell,
And yet can not be parted,
For both in Jeſus dwell.

We ſay "I here, you yonder,"
"You go, and I remain,"
And yet are not aſunder,
But links of one great chain;
In tones of deep affection
"Our road parts here" we ſay,
Yet go in one direction,
And in the ſelf-ſame way.

Then let us ceaſe from weeping,
And moderate our woe,
We both are in Chriſt's keeping,
With whom we always go;
Both under His protection,
Both led by His dear hand,
Both in the ſame direction,
To the ſame Fatherland.

In fruitleſs lamentation
Let us not waſte the hours,
But find our conſolation
In knowing Chriſt is ours;
If faith in Him unite us,
Though parting gives us pain,
It cannot disunite us,
For both in Him remain.

HOME-SICKNESS.

AH! how empty is the heart
In the midſt of pleaſure,
And how fain would we depart
To our heavenly treaſure.

Threadbare now our garb with age
Still repair is needing,
And our feet with pilgrimage
Painful are and bleeding.

Gladly would we be at home,
Free from toil and dangers,
And no longer houſeleſs roam
In a land of ſtrangers.

Gladly lay aſide the load
Which our fleſh inherits,
Worſhipping and ſerving God
With the ranſomed ſpirits.

But ſince Thou doſt yet delay
To Thyſelf to take us,
Lord, prepare us while we ſtay,
Meet for heaven make us.

Richly ſhall we then be bleſt,
When, our warfare ending,
We enjoy the promiſed reſt
With our Lord aſcending.

THE SONG OF DYING.

SING of death and dying,
A ſolemn farewell lay,
Which bids thee to be ready
If death ſhould come this day;
Before the ſun declineth
Thy courſe may ended be,
And when again it ſhineth,
It may not ſhine on thee.

What is there more uncertain
Than life, a fleeting breath,
Or what more ſure or certain
Than dying, parting, death?
Our death is drawing nearer
At every ſtep we take,
Our heart's delights are dying,
And with them our hearts break.

With ſtaff in hand we journey
Like pilgrims to the grave,
The monarch's golden ſceptre
Is but a pilgrim's ſtave.
The earth on all beſtoweth
A garment at our birth,
Upon the earth we wear it,
And leave it to the earth.

Paſs rugged heights and valleys,
Climb mountains, if ye will,
Yet can ye not get over
Yon little grave's green hill;
Thou canſt not get beyond it,
Though it be e'er ſo ſmall,
For other hands within it
Will lay both thee and all.

Then ſing of death and dying,
That ancient pilgrim lay,
Becauſe thy feet draw nearer
Thy grave from day to day;
Let it be wafted o'er thee,
Like diſtant veſper bell,
And not alone of dying,
But of thy riſing tell.

CHRIST HAS TAKEN AWAY THE POWER OF DEATH.

HEN comes the hour which ſeals my doom,
My heart has ceaſed from beating,
And laid within the ſilent tomb
I wait the final meeting;
How dreadful then would be my fate,
Had Chriſt not opened heaven's gate
To every true believer.

How quickly flee our joys away,
When cruel Death appeareth!
And leave poor feeble man a prey
To that which moſt he feareth;
Deluſive pleaſures quickly flee
Before the ſtern reality
Of death, the grave, and judgment.

Guilt now appears without diſguiſe,
And fills us with confuſion,
While falls the bandage from our eyes
Of pride and ſelf-deluſion;
Our ſtedfaſt gaze now turned within,
We ſee our miſery and ſin
In all their hateful colours.

Wert Thou not, Lord, in that dread hour
My joy and conſolation;
Didſt Thou not bring to me with power
The tidings of ſalvation,
That Death has loſt his power and ſting
For thoſe who to Thy croſs do cling,
My heart would ſink within me.

But now ſince Thou art mine, I Thine,
I may have peace in dying,
Thy holy merit is made mine,
From all things juſtifying;
Thou haſt atonement wrought for me,
And thereby made my death to be
A reſt and peaceful ſlumber.

Therefore, my Saviour and my God,
Be Thou in death beſide me,
Nor let the comfort of Thy rod
Be in that hour denied me;
That thus the hour I yield my breath
Be not a ſickneſs unto death,
But unto life eternal.

THE GRAVE.

ESIDE the dark grave ſtanding,
We ſow in ſilent tears
The ſeed of incorruption,
The pilgrim full of years.

His home is reached already,
We ſtill are on the road,
Death was the gate of heaven,
It took him to his God.

He ſees what we but look for,
He hath what we ſtill lack,
The foe no more can ſpoil him,
Who ſtill beſets our track.

His diſembodied ſpirit
Is with the Lord at reſt,
And while we ſtill are weeping,
He is ſupremely bleſt.

He wears a crown of glory,
And lifts the palm on high,
And ſwells with ſaints and angels
The chorus of the ſky.

We ſtill, poor weary pilgrims,
In this dark valley roam,
Until again we ſee him
And ſhare his happy home.

WHAT WE SHALL BE.

WHAT ſhall we be, and whither ſhall we go,
When the laſt conflict of our life is o'er,
And we return from wandering to and fro
To our dear home through heaven's eternal door!
When we ſhake off the laſt duſt from our feet,
When we wipe off the laſt drop from our brow,
And our departed friends once more ſhall greet,
The hope which cheers and comforts us below!

What ſhall we be, when we ourſelves ſhall ſee
Bathed in the flood of everlaſting light,
And from all guilt and ſin entirely free
Stand pure and blameleſs in our Maker's ſight;
No longer from His holy preſence driven,
Conſcious of guilt, and ſtung with inward pain,
But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
To join the ranks of His celeſtial train!

What ſhall we be, when we drink in the ſound
Of heavenly muſic from the ſpheres above,
When golden harps to liſtening hoſts around
Declare the wonders of redeeming love;

When far and wide through the reſounding air
Loud Hallelujahs from the ranſomed riſe,
And holy incenſe, ſweet with praiſe and prayer,
Is wafted to the Higheſt through the ſkies!

What ſhall we be, when the freed ſoul can riſe
With unreſtrained and bold aſpiring flight
To Him, who by His wondrous ſacrifice
Hath opened heaven, and ſcattered ſin's dark night;
When from the eye of faith the thin veil drops,
Like wreaths of miſt before the morning's rays,
And we behold, the end of all our hopes,
The Son of God in full refulgent blaze!

What ſhall we be, when we ſhall hear Him ſay;
"Come, O ye bleſſed," when we ſee Him ſtand,
Robed in the light of everlaſting day,
Before the throne of God at His right hand;
When we behold the eyes from which once flowed
Tears o'er the ſin and miſery of man,
And the deep wounds from which the precious blood,
That made atonement for the world, once ran!

What ſhall we be, when hand in hand we go
With bleſſed ſpirits riſen from the tomb,
Where ſtreams of living water ſoftly flow,
And trees ſtill flouriſh in primeval bloom;
Where in perpetual youth no cheek looks old
By the ſharp tooth of cruel time impreſt,
Where no bright eye is dimm'd, no heart grows cold,
No grief, no pain, no death invades the bleſt!

What ſhall we be, when every glance we caſt
At the dark valley underneath our feet,
And every retroſpect of troubles paſt
Makes heaven brighter and its joys more ſweet;
When the remembrance of our former woe
Gives a new reliſh to our preſent peace,
And draws our heart to Him, to whom we owe
Our paſt deliverance and our preſent bliſs!

What ſhall we be, who have in Chriſt believed,
What through His grace will be our ſweet reward!
Eye hath not ſeen, ear heard, or heart conceived,
What God for thoſe who love Him hath prepared:
Let us the ſteep ascent then boldly climb,
Our toil and labour will be well repaid;
Let us haſte onward, till in God's good time
We reap the fruit, a crown that doth not fade.

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"IF there is just cause for c
plaining that members of
Church of England too often confc
the sign with the thing signified,
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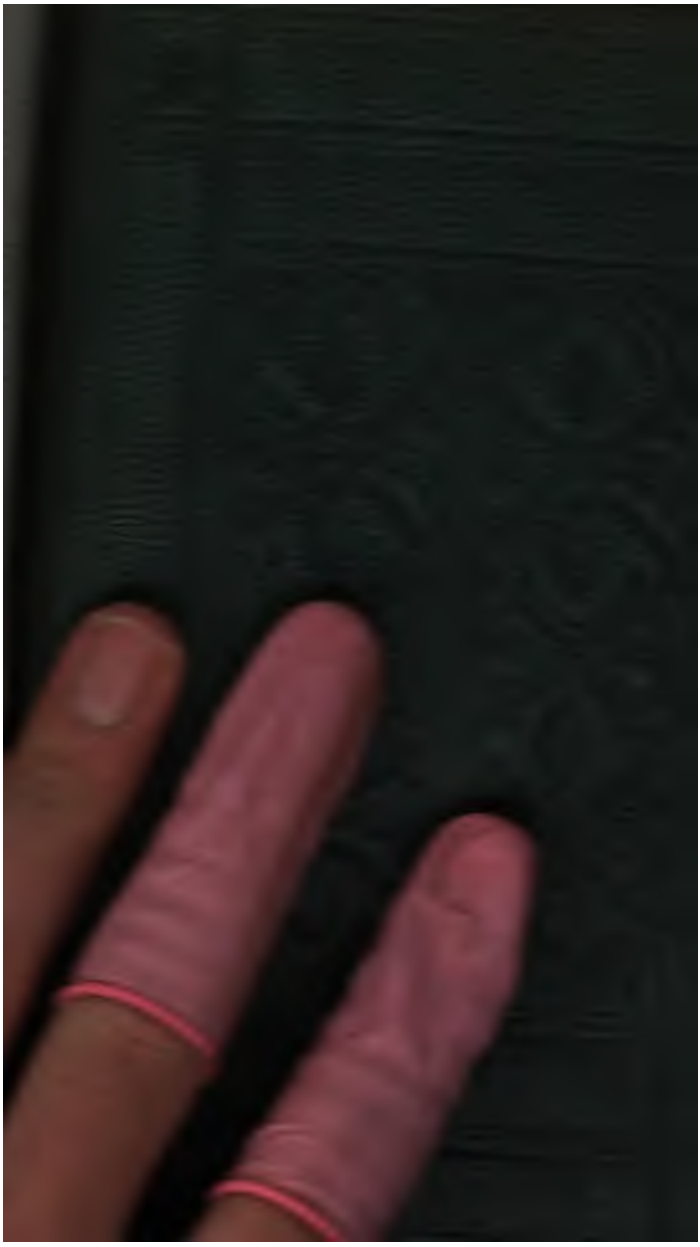
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